

TOC H JOURNAL



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THE LIFE OF MANHOOD

A Theme for the Festival

“ONE great hope common to us all that this Festival will help Toc H to prove worthy of its manhood”; so reads the summing up of our Coming-of-Age Festival Committee’s letter in the January JOURNAL. How can we translate that hope into fact? How can we prevent ourselves from becoming blind to the demands of manhood and being swamped in a whirlpool of unceasing excitement and activity? Don’t we all know the fatal ease with which this Festival of ours may become a sequence of hot (we hope) and hectic days, of short and sleepless nights, of edifying speeches, enthusiastic meetings, dramatic silences? And, as an undercurrent, we behave all the time as though the world belonged to us, we take all the detailed labour and smooth - running arrangements for granted, we bask in the sunshine of a comfortable satisfaction with ourselves.

A Pattern for Behaviour

How can we maintain the “one great hope”? I want to suggest a pattern on which we can base our thoughts, hopes, aspirations and behaviour; a theme which may constantly occur and reoccur as we play our part in the Festival; to strike “a deep bourdon-sound to run on through the harmonies and discords of daily life till it has brought them into unison.” For what else was Talbot House originally than an instrument used by God to bring home to multitudes of men that behind the ebb and flow of things temporal stand the eternal realities? I therefore direct your attention to a storehouse of wisdom gathered and developed and perfected through the centuries—the Book of Common Prayer. A very short

perusal of the special prayers and readings from the Bible appointed for the Central Week of Festival, sheds, I believe, a ray of light so penetrating that we shall be able to see our activities in their true perspective and probe beyond external beauty to the very soul of our rejoicing.

This week starts on the Second and concludes on the Third Sunday after Trinity; in the middle of it—on the Wednesday—is St. John Baptist’s day, and immediately after, on the Monday, St. Peter’s Day welcomes us back to our normal life again. Follow out this week in the Prayer Book and you will find an inexhaustible mine of wisdom; I have only culled a few gems from the surface and fitted them loosely together.

Buoyant Faith

“Lord, who never failest. . . .” That is our opening burst of confidence. We start with a buoyant declaration of faith; and follow it up with a more reasoned expression of our certainty and hope; “We *know* that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren.” That is where Toc H starts from; we have left behind the pale, colourless pettiness of mere existence; we have no further use for the palling dreariness of self-satisfaction; we have refused to sink beneath the currents of routine, despair, poverty, loneliness, helplessness; we have set our face against drowning our personalities, our gifts, our talents in the stagnant pool of convention; we have indeed passed from death, because we have learnt the peculiarly christian commandment, the sign by which men may tell our profession, we have learnt “to love the brethren.” And we boldly

assert that nothing can budge us an inch; our Lord never fails us; we have behind us the power that creates a million worlds and numbers the hairs of our heads: and we go forward to face the world in this attitude of exalted triumph. But before we leave this first Sunday we have to read the story of the man who made a great supper; of the guests too busy or too proud to come; of their complete rejection and of the substitution for the least likely, least fitting, least regarded 'down-and-outs' in their stead.

How practically that brings us back to earth again; how mercilessly it touches the weak spots of sham and hypocrisy: do we really accept the conditions of that life to which we boast we have found our way, or are we ready to make all manner of excuse rather than face the issue? Are we content to mouth our slogans but to forego the real giving of ourselves to Christ? We are bidden to Christ's feast; like the sons of Zebedee our privilege is to drink his cup and suffer with Him. Supposing some urgent job of service comes our way this week? What is your reply? "I have bought a Festival ticket and therefore I cannot come." "I have brought my wife up to London for the L.W.H. Lamplighting and therefore I cannot come." "It is essential I should practise thanksgiving at this special season and therefore I cannot come." So forcibly are we led, first to face the subtle element of pride which may creep in and corrupt the triumphant hope with which we proclaim our new-found life; and, then having faced it, to renew our determination to be sincere.

Fearlessness

Then on Wednesday we had to face the fearless honesty of John the Baptist; the "greatest man born of woman," whose path through life was one of in-

tense loneliness and austerity, whose vocation led him only to unpopularity, prison and murder, whose mission is summed up in these unromantic words: "to speak the truth, to rebuke vice, to suffer patiently." What place have these in the life of Toc H's manhood? How often do we shun the truth, because it might create difficulties or be tactless? How often do we turn the blind eye to vice, because, "after all, we mustn't judge people"? How often do we dream of suffering nobly under some imaginary disaster and lose patience the next moment because somebody has made us late for a meal? Yet there they stand, those three strong phrases in the very heart of our Festival; those are the dull, unpopular unromantic ways in which we have to work for the Kingdom in our own wills, delving deep below the passing emotions of our weak and wavering hearts.

"He must increase, I must decrease"; that, in its gorgeous simplicity, is the way this John, a man sent from God, taught his own followers who he was and what was his life's ambition. "Less of me, more of Christ." Can we keep that ambition in the forefront of our minds and wills as we pass through the great Crystal Palace gathering to the second Sunday and our Thanksgiving at the Albert Hall? "Less of me, more of Christ." Can we in truth rededicate ourselves and consecrate our wills in the giving of Thanks that Sunday?

Humility

Again, the Prayer Book helps us, detailing our aims as we give thanks for the Festival to Him who gave it. "Humble yourselves therefore." Let us be ready to forego anything in gratitude to God, let us be ready not just to offer our spare time, our gifts, our

knowledge, but to abandon that most elusive devil, our pride in our own achievements. As if they were ours indeed! "Do mules cease to be clumsy and stinking beasts because they are used to carry the dainty treasures and perfumes of a prince?" Let us be ready to see that Toc H is God's instrument, not ours; we have no right to cling to it, to puff it up with our pride; maybe He will finish with it and need our lives elsewhere. "It would seem that if Toc H is to be of further use to Christ, it must be ready not merely to talk of the Cross but to carry it and ultimately to be borne on it," said a writer in the JOURNAL recently.

The Will to Suffer

Our thoughts are then driven to follow the writer of "humble yourselves therefore" as he presses on to treat as inevitable the truth that our attainment of perfection under God's hand will only come "after that ye have suffered a while." Are we ready and thankful to suffer in the backwaters of obscurity and the bitterness of misunderstanding? Are we ready to see life henceforward with a changed mind, boldly disbelieving in the world, seeing things from God's point of view; listening, as we stand pledged to do, to His voice in the midst of the world's clamour?

Two Meeting Places

In the April number of the JOURNAL there appeared a short notice about the L.W.H. Lunch Club at 50, Great Tower Street, at which Toc H members can lunch with lady friends. We wish also—especially with the Festival approaching—to remind members of the *Toc H Lunch Club at Forty-Two*, Trinity Square, E.C.3, across Tower Hill from All Hallows. Here visitors (men only) will certainly meet many fellow-members from overseas, for the Overseas Office is on the floor above. Lunch is served from 12 noon to 2.15 p.m., and a powerful appetite can be produced or digestion assured over a game of Skittles or Ping Pong: there is a Lounge for talk and sleep. Hospitable "42" is open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

The *Art Exhibition at Ashley Court*, Carlisle Place, Victoria Street (2 minutes from H.Q.), will also be a *rendez-vous* where visitors can get tea in the mornings and from 3.30-5.30 p.m. It will be open on Monday, June 22, from 12 noon to 6 p.m.; on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.; on Friday and Saturday from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m.; on Sunday (when the broadcast will be heard there) from 4.30 to 6 p.m.

The Changed Mind

For it is on this note that our Sunday readings complete the Festival week; a changed mind is the climax; repentance is the goal of all our triumph, our hope, our prayers, our misgivings, our rejoicings. Our Lord speaks to sum up: "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." There is joy in heaven over one humble ordinary member making a fresh start more than in ninety and nine thousand enthusiasts singing the Hymn of Light. And what greater privilege can the mind of man conceive than the use of his free will to create joy in Heaven? There leaps to birth something impossible to value or to express, with capacities beyond man's wildest visions or deepest speculations. Angels and Archangels cry aloud; the Elder Brethren of all ages shout for joy. And why? because one inconspicuous man is man enough to change his mind.

Only in as far as we set ourselves to face that truth shall we be fit to stand with St. Peter on that Monday morning to receive a commission from Our Lord; for we shall have counted the cost of our belief that He has the words of Eternal Life.

J. G.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

June, 1936: *The Family gathers together for merrymaking, for thanksgiving, for re-dedication, and as we strive to solve the problems of our own communal life, the problems of the wider world are no less a "Job" to be tackled by Toc H.*

FOR no reason whatever, a silly story has stuck in my head—I fancy it dates (my knowledge of the story I mean) from far-off days when I was called upon to translate passages of noble prose into French or *vice versa*. But anyway it was something like this. The King was making a royal progress round his domains and one town failed to welcome him with the customary salute of guns. The good mayor came out, and apologised humbly, saying he could offer a hundred good reasons why the cannon had not been fired. "First," he said, clearing his throat a little, "We had no cannon. Second—" "That's enough, Mr. Mayor," said the King laughing, "We can dispense with the other ninety-nine."

Somehow I thought of that the other week when a Secretary of a Toc H unit, answered an appeal for co-operation from the local League of Nations Union by saying, "Unfortunately, very few of our members are interested in international affairs. . . ." Yes, I have read the "Mind of Toc H" and the *et ceteras* very carefully, and I fully appreciate the hundred good reasons why Toc H should not give a lead in this matter. But—is it just possible that the real reason—the first reason is "We are not interested?" I hope that will provoke indignant reply; the Editor I hope will be snowed under with copies of Programmes in which the lectures, discussions, are heavily marked in red ink. I hope I shall be made to apologise, but I am afraid—you see, I have come into personal contact with other units where this burning question was not even *mentioned*, let alone discussed. Surely that's all wrong. We're bound to have different views, it's true, but do let's *have* views.

To start with, I think every unit should have some literature expressing as many different points of view as possible on this subject, and every member and probationer should read and digest them. Secondly, in order to think fairly, we must get hold of the expert: so get in touch with speakers who *do* know a little bit more than the next man. In this connection, the local branch of the League of Nations Union will be glad to arrange a joint meeting or debate with you. Go and worry them, and any other organization in your locality which is trying to solve the problem. Thirdly, in the train or office or wherever you get in conversation, have a word about it. Don't ram it down your neighbour's throat, of course, but you'll probably find him ready to talk. Most people are. You'll learn a lot, and perhaps teach a little too.

And there is something else—something terribly important which I believe Toc H is being called upon to do, or rather to *be*.

You'll find any number of people who say, "Oh yes, I believe in peace all right—I think war is wrong, but you can't alter human nature. It's that other fellow over there who'll cause all the trouble."

But we of the family of Toc H are called upon to challenge our generation to seek in all things the mind of Christ—we're out, in Chesterton's anagram of Toc H, "to change chaps."

What are we going to do about it? Not, I hope, put out the light and go to sleep—but rather to seek to re-kindle in our own lives and in the lives of others something of that Light which disperses the darkness of fear and suspicion, and which leads men's feet into the Way of Peace.

B. C.

ARTHUR COLE

Toc H grows like a tide, irregularly, disciplined only by the difficulties which first repel and then resist advance. As a result, some Lamps of Maintenance carry a name locally unfamiliar. In this especial case, Toc H at Swindon inquired Tubby's memories of Arthur Cole L/Cpl. 1/1 Wessex Field Ambulance, whose name their Lamp bears.

ABOUT Arthur Cole, I only wish that I myself knew more and could write better. The bare facts are that when the 8th Division came up into the Salient of Ypres, they brought with them the Second Battalion of the Devonshire Regiment, and the 1/1 Wessex Field Ambulance. Thanks to Harry Jago, I came to see a good deal of his battalion, the only one in the whole British Army to gain the Legion of Honour for the Regiment. Five hundred and forty-two officers and men, surrounded and cut off, held up the German crossing of the Aisne in May, 1918. Jago, I think, was killed a few days earlier.

The Wessex Ambulance were on the best of terms with the Devons, and many of them met in Talbot House, where Arthur Cole came to know Harry Jago. Arthur was a Lance-Corporal at the time, and came to me for his Confessions. I do not know what his church was in Exeter; I hazard the guess that his home was at 71, Wanford Road, but it is likely that I have confused Cole's home with that of Fred Martin, Geoffrey's elder brother in the same Ambulance. These two, of course, were friends and close allies. Fred was killed in the Salient and buried at Brandhoek; a hamlet which has risen again by now. All Toc H pilgrims going up from Poperinghe to Ypres should halt a mile this side of Vlamertinghe and find Fred's grave; remembering as they do so that had I not in 1921 gone down to see his home, and then on to his workshop, Geoff Martin might never have been discovered to serve and lead Toc H so gallantly. Fred was the acknowledged

Christian influence of the Field Ambulance; from Lieut-Colonel Sayers down to the last draft of reinforcements he was respected and rightly popular. Arthur Cole was proud of him without an element of jealousy, and was himself a character more reserved. He grew a brush moustache, was soldierly, precise, but very weary of the army. He came out young and aged into a man.

The headquarters of the Field Ambulance were at first in a farm beyond Stingy Mill, and later in the Red Farm opposite Brandhoek, with a great dump of ammunition within a hundred yards. In 1917 this dump went up and the farm came down, but there were fewer casualties than was feared. Much of his time, Arthur Cole was on duty with the Forward Section in the Ramparts at Ypres, or in the Aid Post built by the Australians about two hundred yards on the left up the Menin Road. During this time he could not get to Poperinghe; he therefore used to come down to Ypres Prison and meet me there—mainly on Thursday evenings—and join the service held for the Police. After this service we would climb upstairs into the ruins of the upper storeys; and once we went upon the roof itself on a calm night when everything was still. Here he made his Confession in an atmosphere which seemed to prelude peace sent down by God not only to his soul, but among nations. A month later—for he was extremely regular at his duties—we climbed again; but the top floor and roof had both been blown away. We therefore halted on the first floor, deserted as

a billet. While we were there, some desultory shelling came on the walls, but nothing entered in.

The third month came. The prison was now reaching that stage of demolition in which the earliest post-war pilgrims may remember seeing it; its vast walls of red brick resisted shelling like nothing else that I have ever seen. Day after day the place was targeted, since it was known to be a central strong point. Major Scott, a red-faced lion of an Irishman, had by this time become our Ypres Town Major; he was the third who held this crucial post. Apart from times when I was down in the hospital, I visited the prison for three years once a week, and knew its every corner like a native. I felt attached to the old place, so many friends had been inside its walls; and Dowdney, the Chaplain to the 16th Brigade, whose death had brought me to the Salient, was killed while seated in an ambulance which had just reached the prison, where part of the ground floor and cellar were given up to serve as a dressing-station. Dr. Magrath, more recently of Sheffield, lived under all three Town Majors, being the senior inhabitant of Ypres. He came up to the prison frequently, though crossing the town could be extremely ugly. To give some slight conception of the shelling to which the prison was exposed, it is a literal fact that men were seasick in the cellars of the prison, clinging to the great struts which reinforced roofs of brick shaped like a tunnel, themselves—the roofs—protected by the ruins of a building 80 ft. high with outer walls 14 ft. thick. Shells burst upon this ruin harmlessly, producing a high shimmering cloud of red dust, which could be seen like a fountain of blood all round the Salient; the armour-piercing shell with a delayed fuse action bursting long after it had penetrated, was the real danger of the situation.

This clumsy explanation must be made before referring to the last occasion when I heard Arthur Cole's Confession in the prison. This was in a corner of the cellar, and heavy shelling was about the place. The peace of God was never more strangely contrasted with the inferno launched by man on man. Johannine students will recall the military verb employed so poignantly in the penultimate verse of the prelude to the Gospel narrative: "He bivouacked among us" is the verdict of the Evangelist, who chose his words with an inspired decision.

The Swindon Branch, whose enquiry has elicited this flow of memory, are the trustees of the Lamp of Maintenance which bears the honoured name of Arthur Cole.

I think that the Lamp is of my own giving, for Arthur lives with me through twenty years. I am an absent-minded Celebrant, and he (who served me frequently in the old Upper Room) was always ready to safeguard my actions and to prevent unfortunate omissions of prayers, or themes, for prayer, or plans, or names, bad news from home, or troubles up the Line, which men had written out on scraps of paper and handed in thus to be lifted up. Arthur combined to a sublime degree the sense of order and the sense of liberty; never a martinet, as servers can be towards their priest; and never little-minded. I was more confident and more undisturbed when he was by my side than was possible with any stranger, who might be as clumsy as the priest or else prove a precisionist adding to my awkwardness and ineptitude. As a result of Arthur's sedulous care, I felt I could to some extent fulfil the earliest obligation on the minister at the Eucharist. This obligation, dating from not later than the middle of the 2nd century, is worth more to my mind than all accumulated rules and cus-

toms with which the Eucharist has been embroidered. The rule lays down no Canon of Consecration, no words which must be said to secure validity. This old enjoinder to the Celebrant runs thus: "Here the Presbyter will pray as hard as he can," and Arthur Cole enabled this to be so. Therefore, of all the men who served to me in the old Upper Room, one of whom only serves to me to-day,* Arthur Cole stands out in my memory, and figures in the final sentences of the chapter on the Old Chapel in *Tales of Talbot House*. I fear we have no photograph of him, and that his people are now out of touch, or passed away—which is not out of touch.

Death and Communion

The more we can accustom our human minds to stress the logic which alone enables imagination to disassociate death and finality, the more shall we be able to defy the fear of death ourselves, and the distress which comes through the deaths of others. During the last two years, I have had time to think out views which I have previously maintained with fervour. Some of these now appear to be altered, or amended, or discredited. The conviction, however, remains strong in me that Toc H was endowed as from its birth with a peculiar opportunity of bringing into daily life and outlook the strength and enrichment which flows from the truth translated in the Apostles Creed as the Communion of Saints. Both words needs to be traced to their derivation, before the normal man can be expected to realise that windows of stained glass are not the interpretation of their meaning.

Let me, then, close these notes on Arthur Cole, as he would wish, by stating with decision what I believe occurs soon

after death. Clarity runs the risk of being crude; but I run that risk deliberately, rather than leave this statement vaguely comforting. Comfort disperses into clouds of words like wool if you will not use humble commonsense. Those of us who believe that immortality is not the right of every human being, but the great prize which God in Christ bestows on those who live on earth serving their fellows and looking up to God as best they can, are challenged by the obvious finality which death brings to the frame inhabited by the personality. They maintain that this frame is composed of constantly changing tissue, and that its fate is in no sense an indication that the soul is no more. But what becomes of the soul? Here knowledge fails, and answers are imagination prompted by fragments of an ancient literature, or "messages received" in obscure ways. Paradise, sleep, and rest, content the orthodox; but are we faithful to be so contented? Are we not wiser to be logical and to maintain, since we are Christian men, that God in Christ has uses for His servants, and that each person who has done good here is taken to fulfil a task which needs him? The tasks of this world are extremely diverse; the tasks beyond may well be infinite. The talents here employed are there extended; the ruler over five cities rules over ten. The man of Christian influence and high character like Arthur Cole is needed, and therefore summoned. His sorrows, or his pains, are preparation, not for more pain, but for his future sphere, to which his death is but promotion. When he is ready for the work ahead, he passes to that work—that is my creed.

Few things have done more harm to Christianity than sentimental songs about Eternity. Neither here nor beyond is

* George Marlborough of Toc H at Wimbledon.

worship the one faculty of man. God has a right to ask eternal worship; but worship is not of necessity performed solely in processes of songs and prayers. Conduct and action, art and thinking can be, as Hegel said, a form of worship most acceptable. I do not therefore think that Arthur Cole serves at some great high altar without ceasing. I think he binds up wounds, as once he did, and cheers and comforts, strengthens and reinforces wounded and weary men. Is not that likely? Is not that logical? Is not that true? I think that Harry Forster and King George were taken, not to rest but to empower with their special gifts new situations which needed men like these. Therefore they went. It would indeed be most incredible that men who here are known to be almost beyond replacement should be taken, simply because some sickness seizes them. If this were true, and all there is of truth, we might indeed despair of understanding the tiniest portion of God's providence, and go down to our own graves vainly mourning. Is not the truth far other and far better? Is it not clear that these men are required, that something has occurred which pleads for them because they have evinced the quality of godliness and goodness towards men to so high a degree that their whole lives have become trustworthy, prepared for vaster responsibilities than any they have hitherto upheld?

Why should God's call to service be restricted to a few years of earthly employment, cut short by war or hindered by some disease, sapping and reducing the doomed stronghold; for death besieges

all humanity, and the siege is never raised. Is death indeed God's enemy? May he not be His strong servant, ugly but kindhearted, who fetches man from school when real life calls them to fill a post for which they have been trained, and shown good promise? Heaven is not the Metropolitan Cathedral of the Universe; nor are the men who go there selected for proficiency in Church worship. All work activated by the love of God and man leads to a liberalism of true life—the life which is life indeed. Men who have learnt this science of true living may be left here for human benefit, but God "who plucks no flower to throw away" has needs unknown to us to which He summons them. Those needs we cannot grasp, until we follow; but they are real and vast and of high urgency. Believing this, sorrow is our self-pity. Self-pity is a subtle form of selfishness; and selfishness, however much disguised, diminishes our hold on the eternal. Men who live selfish lives, if they persist in shutting out the needs of life for others, fade like an unfed lamp, exhaust the wick of worthwhile personality, and find the night which knows no resurrection. This is not punishment; it is inevitable, since life beyond can have no room for selfishness. This is the Gospel as I read it.

But Arthur Cole and Harry and the King gave their three lives to God and human service. Men like this are not sleeping, are not resting. They are awake, at work, in harmony; and harmony is none other than life unimpeded, working within the light which bathes the City—the only City which requires no Churches.

TUBBY.

This Journal and the Next

We apologise to readers for the late appearance of this number of the JOURNAL, to which Festival preparations and a serious fire at our printers have contributed.

We remind them that there will be *no issue in July*, but a Double Number, with a full report of the Coming-of-Age Festival, in August.

TRANSFERENCE AGAIN

I HAVE read Jim Burford's article in the April issue of the JOURNAL with care and, I hope, with understanding, but I am far from satisfied that he has given his readers a fair criticism of the Government's scheme for transferring labour from distressed (or special) areas to areas less afflicted with unemployment.

Let me preface my remarks by saying two things: (a) that I have no desire to scoff at sentiment, and (b) that I have as much appreciation as anyone of a man's natural love of his own home in his own native country.

J.B. has told us, with reference to the view-point of a weekly wage-earner, that he speaks from experience—that, in fact, he “has had some.” I have personal experience of something else—of earning my living abroad, and not in a white man's climate. I volunteered for foreign service, it is true, and, but for circumstances beyond my control, my exile would have extended to 32 or more years instead of 16.

Unproportioned Sentiment

While life in the East, far from one's belongings, is not all beer and skittles, especially on the Frontier, yet by no stretch of imagination can it be called “devilish”—J.B.'s expression when commenting on the Government scheme of transferring labour. I have then, in another sphere, “had some.”

Sentiment may be a very fine thing, but it should never be permitted to unbalance a sense of proportion—to the extent that it seems to have upset that of J.B. His heartrending description of Welsh children singing hymns is a case in point. He has indeed drawn a harrowing picture, but I do not think that he had any right to do so.

Over and above suggesting, earlier in his article, that the conditions of child-labour obtaining to-day are similar to those obtaining in 1836—and they do not bear the faintest resemblance to the regrettable, the criminal conditions of 100 years ago—J.B. has allowed sentiment to run riot with such freedom that, when drawing the picture to which I take exception, he might have been telling us of children about to be transported to some old-time penal settlement. Now, this is not the case at all, and I propose to join issue with J.B. in an attempt to justify the scheme he decries with such vehemence. Be it clearly understood, however, that I respect his point of view even though I disagree with it.

I must confess that I gasped when in the very first paragraph of his article he stated that he did not care “two hoots” how successful the scheme might be, or how smoothly the machine might work: “if the principle is wrong,” he said, “the whole concern must be wrong.”

Now that statement cannot be reasonable: the machinery of State is like any other machinery. If the principle upon which it works is a wrong one it cannot work smoothly; it cannot even work with anything approaching efficiency. Since the Government scheme has already put 22,000 unemployed persons into work, I maintain that this particular piece of State machinery must have good points in the principle underlying it.

An Unworkable Theory

But the whole theme of J.B.'s article can be summed up in his own words: “take the work to the people.” I agree that that is exactly what any right-minded person would ardently desire to do. Unfortunately, however sound this idea may

be in theory, it does not at present work out right in practice: and it is no use skating over the difficulties that stand in the way. Until we are ruled by a Dictator there can be no such thing as giving a manufacturer orders as to where he shall operate. Dictators do these things, but dictators also have rather crude views about the transference of populations; at least, so I am told by my Labour friends who have seen these things at first hand in Russia. I do not think that dictatorship is the right answer, be it born of Fascism or Communism.

Let me quote the Report: "The Commissioners have also endeavoured to stimulate the revival of Industry in the special areas; but after exhaustive inquiries it had to be assumed that there was little prospect of the special areas being assisted by the spontaneous action of industrialists now located outside the areas."

J.B. argues that an influx of industry into an area will reduce the incidence of rates. In theory this is of course right, but where are the bold pioneers ready to risk their own and shareholders' money in testing a theory that may not come right in practice? He also suggests a national system of rate-equation. Very plausible: but unfortunately that might well put a premium on the wildest extravagance. One knows of many councillors who would take every advantage of a chance of saddling their neighbours with the cost of their own administration.

When difficulties can be overcome, and when it is feasible and sound business to build factories where men are waiting to be employed, then the necessity for transferring labour will disappear. A crown of glory awaits J.B. or anyone else who can solve the problems that have so far evaded solution.

Meantime, is the Government to wait till something turns up, or should it do

something? I deplore the fact that there appears to be no easy way of persuading industrialists to set up their factories in special areas, but I would deplore inaction and a hopeless fatalism far more.

Empire Migration

At the risk of shocking those who agree with J.B.'s views, I state quite frankly that I would go much further than restrict transference of labour from one part to another part of the British Isles. I most devoutly hope that the newly-constituted body set up by the Government may soon be able to recommend a scheme for setting the stream of migration to our Dominions flowing once more. Having been closely concerned with problems of Empire Development for a number of years, I feel convinced that obstacles in the way of movement could be overcome. Space does not admit a lengthy dissertation on the merits and demerits of migration, successes or failures of the past, or the economic difficulties that to-day exist; but most thinking people agree that a partially developed Empire is a menace to the peace of the world. Great Britain is not the only over-populated country, and if we do not grapple with the possibilities of Empire migration soon we shall deservedly lose a magnificent heritage handed down by our forefathers, who were not afraid to leave home.

J.B. speaks nothing but the truth when he states that economic pressure is the greatest of all pressures that can be put upon a man, or upon a community of men, and that it must seem to all those affected by it to be the most unfair and brutal form of compulsion; but the time has come when we must look deeply into questions concerning the future of our race. This problem of a wrongly distributed population is one of them. It is my conviction that unless we do all in

our power to encourage the rising generation to strike out anew, and for itself, we shall be in danger of breeding a people who, born and bred in the midst of despair themselves, can only beget a race possessing neither pride in past achievement nor hope for the future.

We all deplore circumstances which cause family upheavals, but those who think at all can but approve of a measure calculated to provide work for the unemployed, even if the method has, like every scheme devised by man, its own peculiar shortcomings. This is not an inhuman scheme, brought into being by an utterly soulless and busybody Government, but one which is actually alleviating distress. I believe that the Government shows

more of practical humanity than J.B. shows. He is content to bewail the unalterable laws of supply and demand, picks out the most tragic features of the transference scheme, and ignores all its good points.

I am sorry that I cannot compete with J.B. in the production of blank verse to end my article, but perhaps I may be allowed to alter the words of Private Mulvaney a very little and apply them to the possible reflections of a man who, through disinclination to leave home, has lost his opportunities.

"His very worst friend from beginning to end,

By the blood of a mouse, was himself."

MIDDLETON.

THE TRUE AND FALSE CONVENTIONALITY

WE are all of us frightfully conventional whether we care to admit it or not. We cannot help it, for it is one of the ways in which we illustrate the truth that there is a herd instinct. Whether or not we dislike our instincts, they are part of our make-up and we must put up with them; but that is no reason why we should not direct them in the light of a guiding purpose.

Convention can be defined as "acting according to general custom." According to the nature of a function to which we are invited do we dress for the occasion: flannels for tennis; a 'boiled' shirt for a formal dinner; any old thing for a Toc H night. The tendency to be conventional is reflected in the way that fashions and crazes are followed. Women wear creations which to a mere man seem ridiculous, not because they wish to look ridiculous but because they want to be in the fashion—which is often the same thing. A few years ago there was a curious craze—the "Yo-yo" craze; but

nobody considered they might be doing what seemed a singularly foolish thing simply because everyone else seemed to be doing it. As soon as a thing becomes conventional it is no longer regarded as freakish. Most people would find it hard to answer why they do certain things; all that they know is that they have always done them or that everybody else does them. It is dangerous to have unthinking submission to things, or to be conventional, since it tends to destroy initiative, individuality and rationality.

Conventionality has its counterpart in uniformity. And uniformity is the indisputable characteristic of this machine age. In the past, workers were craftsmen. Articles of furniture, for example, were individual pieces of work expressing the creative powers of the workman. But to-day with mass production everything is done to type. The machine is set and production proceeds without any deviation from type in the manufactured article—and over this production, the

workman has no direct control. In a factory to-day, probably not a single workman could be found who would be able to make by himself a single article. It is hardly possible for all who are party to this mechanical system not to be affected by a tendency to uniformity in their own lives.

In years past, each profession or calling was characterised by a distinctive form of dress. Distinction of dress remains for only a very few, such as Ministers of Religion—and many of those, without being ashamed of their profession, choose to discard the sign of their office. Perhaps it is all to the good that dress no longer reveals what a man is. Clothes have been largely instrumental in fostering class-consciousness.

But the point is, whether external uniformity is not conforming men to a type. Where there is a reduction to one level, it is usually mediocre and exceedingly dull. It is impossible not to observe how, with the popularisation of one particular form of entertainment, there seems to be evolving a definite film mentality.

Political Ants?

There may be a reason for the spread of Communism, Fascism and Nazi-ism; for there is an underlying similarity in all three. They all stand for the total submission of the individual. Free thinking is discouraged, and the person who differs in opinion from the State—or the Dictator—is regarded as a traitor. In the countries where these recent forms of government have come into being, it is much safer not to think unless it is to think in line with the greatest number. Perhaps such forms of government are on the increase because they are in line with the tendency to uniformity which is taking place in so many other spheres of life. But it is difficult to conceive of

anything more likely to establish dulness and kill initiative. There is only liberty when individuals assert personal rights.

I cannot believe that the ideal for humanity is the kind of life which the ants pursue—however efficient it may be. These industrious creatures work by sheer instinct towards a certain end, without thinking and presumably without the joy of creation and of knowing what they do. And this is the danger of false conventionality. God has made us a little different from one another; and we can only retain our individuality by living our own lives, thinking for ourselves, and knowing why we do certain things. The spirit of Christianity which is the spirit of Toc H has got to help us to true individuality, and for what it shows as an ideal it must give us a reason. We ought not to accept Christianity or Toc H unthinkingly; otherwise we merely become dully conventional.

If there is a false conventionality—that of doing as others do without ourselves having deliberately chosen to do so—there is also a false unconventionality which causes people to act and think differently from others merely for the sake of being different. But there is a true conventionality and it is with this that we must be concerned. The true conventionality will be something which is creative, something that we deliberately choose because it is right.

Creative Conventions

We can never get away from the fact that true conventions have moulded the world for good. The good old English convention “to play the game” has helped to make the English character as good as it is and better than it might have been; it has caused us not to take a mean advantage, has been instrumental in making the policy of this country one that champions the cause of the oppressed.

Christianity is a conventional way of thinking and living, but more than anything else it has moulded Western civilisation. As Dr. Fosdick somewhere says, "Once our humanity turned the corner of a street and ran into Jesus of Nazareth. It has never been the same world since. Something happened at that meeting from which humanity never will be able to escape, never ought to wish to escape." For a Christian, Christianity is the true conventionality. And remember, through the following of Christian ideals through nearly two thousand years of our history, progress of a certain kind has taken place—slavery has been abolished, the value of human life has been re-estimated, social services have been introduced. Christianity has been creative—and that is what we said must be the characteristic of the true conventionality. And Christianity has not made men the same, in the sense that it has destroyed their individuality; it has given them individuality. St. Paul, Francis of Assisi, St. Bartholomew, Father Damien came from the same mint but not from the same mould. There is a reason for Christianity being creative and individual. Christianity is definite, offering certain standards and tending to a positive goal. Christian achievements have been brought to pass by men who were truly conventional as regards Christian standards, but having thought things out and accepted Christianity, not without reason, they did great things. The man who is falsely conventional in his Christianity by accepting it without knowing why and not knowing to what it is directed will hardly make a contribution of significance. Toc H must not become a false convention.

A condition for survival in Nature is that what exists must serve a purpose. A kangaroo has its unique specimen of a

tail to give it balance when it sits on its haunches. Monkeys have tails because they need them in their gymnastic movements, but men (although we may be their cousins) have no tails because we do not swing from tree to tree. We can do without the appendix and because it is part of the anatomy it gives rise to trouble. The brontosaurus became extinct because it was too cumbersome or too slow to protect itself. Nature seems to teach us a lesson—that there must be a reason for a thing being as it is and that it must serve a purpose. The same thing holds in human life and relating it to the matter of conventions, the true convention is one which is based on a fundamental principle of truth and which can justify its existence. Neither Toc H nor Christianity nor anything else can survive unless it has a purpose to serve. We in Toc H must know why we are in it and what we are out for.

Toc H Convention

We may be in Toc H because we like it, but that is no reason for being in it. A man may go to church because he likes the music or another may stop away because he doesn't like parsons; but the reason for going to church is independent of both music and parsons. If Toc H is related to Christianity it is not a matter of liking or disliking, but whether we ought or no. One of the dangers in Toc H is that it is so exceedingly likeable. Offerings as it does a hearty friendship and a warm welcome to Everyman, it accepts men as they are without enquiring whether they earn 30/- a week or £1,000 a year. But we must like Toc H not for what it gives but for what it stands.

When you have answered the question "Why does Toc H exist?" you will know what it has to do, you will know whether it is vital or whether it is one of

those things which can be kept on the fringe of our interests. Being concerned with the right conduct of life and the building of the City of God it cannot be concerned with anything more important. If ever Toc H should be more concerned with its own life than with the Kingdom

or the practising of the Gospel it ought to go on the scrap-heap with all the other things which have diverted men from the essential and fundamental things. Toc H is not an end in itself and we who belong to it ought to be conscious that we are being directed to the end.

MARK I, SOUTHERN AFRICA

At last Southern Africa has achieved its Mark I. An earlier attempt, some years ago, to found one in a house which was not the property of Toc H, proved to be premature, but now the conditions are ripe for an excellent start. The house itself, 'Canberra,' 30, Saratoga Avenue, Johannesburg, is the generous gift of Dr. Hans Merensky. It will accommodate enough hostellers to make two cricket teams; it has fine rooms for food and fellowship and for a chapel. And its team will be headed by Tom Savage as resident padre and Michael Westropp, ex-

perienced in the foundation of traditions in a new House at Liverpool, as two of the first members of its family. The house became our property in April, its men hope to man it in June and the formal opening is likely to take place in July or August. We shall, we hope, have more to say about it then.

Canberra, built 35 years ago by a local magnate, has for some years been a boarding house. That it will now be again—but with a difference! We all wish Mark I, Southern Africa, a successful launch and a most prosperous voyage for many years to come.

INTERNATIONAL STUDENT SERVICE

EVERYONE to-day wants "to get something done," but no one is interested in organisation. And yet each would admit that it is only by co-operative organisation that individuals may get something done, that is, change the course of events or at least change the course of the lives of some individuals.

International Student Service, or as it was called then, European Student Relief, was born in a period of stress in 1919. It started life as a part of the World's Student Christian Federation and devoted all its energy towards saving those students in Central Europe who were being starved as the result of the Allies' blockade—and this in spite of the "peace" which was officially in existence at the time. During this period I.S.S. raised and administered £450,000 for the benefit of these students. The Universities of Vienna and Zagreb were saved

from having to close. The funds were administered in such a way as to make each student self-reliant and self-supporting as soon as possible. This led to the creation of Student hostels, cheap meals for students and facilities to buy books and other necessities at wholesale prices. In fact, relief work, pure and simple, soon broadened into work which was aimed at making it possible for the deserving student to reach the University even if he were poor.

To-day the movement, now called *International Student Service*, in view of the fact that it works with collaborators in more than twenty different countries, has an even broader programme of work which is necessitated by its positive and definite aims.

I.S.S. is not a political organisation and works with and through individuals who belong to any party or to none. Never-



MARK I, 30, SARATOGA AVENUE, JOHANNESBURG.



THE STOEP AT MARK I.



theless it does have a definite outlook on life, and that embodies two principles.

General Principles

First, I.S.S. cannot tolerate any discrimination directed against a particular minority for reasons of race, religion, politics or conscience. And as an organisation it is actively concerned with fighting this discrimination. This is done rather by helping the refugees who have suffered for these reasons than by making protests which, unless they be backed by the power of a government, must of necessity be stillborn.

Secondly, I.S.S. believes in the essential importance of making it easy for young people in the universities of different countries to meet and to talk about their hopes and fears, their similarities and misunderstandings. And more especially to talk over, rather than fight over, their differences.

The first concern had naturally led, in this modern world, to the creation of a department of Relief to help refugee students. And since discrimination, racial, religious and political, has during the past three years been particularly violent in Germany, this department has been chiefly concerned with work for German refugee students ever since May, 1933.

The second concern has led to the creation of a department of "cultural co-operation" which has developed a distinctive technique of international conferences, designed to supplement the material co-operation of the relief work by the co-operation of minds in working out by the urgent problems facing the universities.

International Student Service differs from most other organisations in that it does not have a "membership." This means that if you want to go to an I.S.S. conference, or if you wish to help with

its work of constructive relief you can do so at once without first becoming a member or feeling bound to any particular way of life. Of course, this has certain disadvantages. It makes it difficult to register the progress of the work of such an organisation and it is difficult to know exactly what support may be counted on at any time. But this curious lack of formal membership was found essential to the successful organisation of international conferences. For it was found that so long as political adversaries were not asked to pledge themselves beforehand to be members of one and the same organisation, they were quite ready to come and talk things out in a friendly spirit.

Relieving German Students

Now to return to the relief work. Since the National Socialists came to power in Germany in 1933, about 2,000 students have been forced not only to give up their studies in their own universities but to leave the country. Some of them are Jewish, some are "non-Aryan" by birth and Christian by religion, others have had to leave because their political views were not in agreement with National-Socialism. These 2,000 young men and women took refuge for the most part in France, England, Switzerland, Italy, Holland and Czecho-slovakia. They left Germany only when it became impossible for them either to study or to earn a living in any profession, or when they became in danger of imprisonment or concentration camps. Some had practically finished their university careers and others had only just started upon them. They were all faced with the problem of making themselves self-supporting and in the majority of cases it was impossible for them to do this without first completing their interrupted studies or retraining for practical professions. Often the whole

family of a refugee student was also in exile, or living in great financial and political difficulties in Germany, with the result that large numbers of these students found themselves penniless, as well as forbidden to take work, in their country of refuge.

Five Methods

I.S.S. has been able to help these refugees in five main ways.

First, scholarships have been awarded to enable them to complete their studies. Number so far awarded: 206. Some of the most brilliant students of the present generation in Germany have thus been saved and enabled to continue their work for the benefit of science and learning. Each applicant has been carefully selected and due attention has been paid to the individual's character and intellectual ability. The first need of a refugee in a foreign land is to plan his career afresh. He has none of the information about ordinary day-to-day events which any native knows. It is the function of I.S.S. to supply this information. But it must do far more. I.S.S. must know the facts about the courses in each of the main universities in a score of countries. I.S.S. must be able to provide information on naturalisation, local conditions and the possibilities of ultimate placement in a hundred different careers. And all this work is enjoyable because it is getting something done for people persecuted for reasons which we regard as unjust.

Secondly, I.S.S. helps the younger refugee whose work does not lead to an academic career. But there the help must be different. It would be no good giving a scholarship for further study which will neither lead to the development of science nor to the provision of a job. German law students, for example; no country wants them.

In such cases it is particularly important to suggest a new training and a new career which both really suit the character, temperament and physique of the individual. And it is here that I.S.S. has had perhaps its greatest success. Just because it did take the individual's character into account, the person has been pleased with his new surroundings and has made good. An example of this is H.... S..., who, after living in miserable conditions as a refugee in Paris for two years, was enabled by I.S.S. to go to America where a free studentship was found for him. It was hoped that in two or three years this would lead him to a post on the staff of the university. The news has just come that after only one year he has been awarded a paid fellowship for an indefinite period, so that his future is happily settled. He will now be able to repay in instalments the grant of £70 which was made to him by I.S.S. and the money will be available for another student needing our help.

Examples of more radical transformations are those of the small group of former law students, who have now been enabled to start a pig farm, or another who is training to be a chiropodist in South Africa. In fact, one of the most wonderful things about these young men and women is the willingness and adaptability with which they turn to careers which have no relation whatever to their previous training.

Thirdly, it is sometimes necessary to grant emergency relief for short periods to refugee students in great distress until a more permanent solution can be found for them. This is a kind of work which must be carefully guarded against overleniency, but, while this is borne in mind, it is surely of vital importance. The increase of the feeling of self-respect, let alone the power to find employment,

which is brought about by such incidental things as square meals and tidy clothes, can hardly be exaggerated.

Fourthly, it has been possible to cke out the money at our disposal by finding homes in which these students could stay, either entirely free or in return for some services which they could offer, such as the teaching of German. The remarkable thing about such offers of hospitality is that their cash value is worth perhaps three times as much to the receiver as to the giver, while the psychological effect

of living in a really sympathetic English home can easily be imagined.

But no summary of the work under headings can do justice to its enthralling diversity. If the reader will take the trouble to glance through the following tabulated details he will, we think, get a much more living impression of what is involved. The material is taken almost at random from our files and represents a very fair cross-section of the work which has already been completed. Many other diverse instances could be quoted.

Some Examples

1. B.... K.... is a student of colloid chemistry. His work was so outstanding that I.S.S. agreed to award him a scholarship of £100 to help him to continue his studies. After he had received half of this sum he was able to sell a patent for an invention he had made in the course of his research. With the money thus earned he will be able to complete his studies and take his degree without any further help from I.S.S.

2. Student.	Subject.	Where placed.	Cost to I.S.S.
A.B. . . .	Economics	U.S.A.	£115
A.C. . . .	Veterinary Surgery	Palestine	£60
A.D. . . .	Commerce (retraining)	Paraguay	£30
A.E. . . .	Agriculture (retraining)	Palestine	£55
A.F. . . .	Geology	South America	£100
A.G. . . .	Philosophy	South Africa	£50
A.H. . . .	Commerce (retraining)	China	£23
A.I. . . .	Engineering	Russia	£75
A.J. . . .	Music	Palestine	£37
A.K. . . .	History	U.S.A.	£60
A.L. . . .	Radiology (retraining)	Belgium	£40
A.M. . . .	Modern Languages, Teaching	England	£25
A.N. . . .	Economics	Brussels	£150
A.O. . . .	Commercial Art	Brazil	£90
A.P. . . .	Teaching	Palestine	£125
A.Q. . . .	History	Turkey	£50
A.R. . . .	Egyptology	Egypt	£70
A.S. . . .	Architecture	England (British subject)	£50
A.T. . . .	Medicine	Jugo-Slavia	£130
A.U. . . .	Mathematics	Peru	£20

3. K.... H.... went to Paris when he had to leave Germany. While he was there he took a Diploma in Commerce and was promised a post by a business firm in Paris—on condition that he was first able to spend a year studying economics, commerce and business administration at an English university. He had no money and no other prospects of employment. I.S.S. has granted him a scholarship of £115, which, by paying both his living expenses and his fees, will make it possible for him to fulfil this condition and accept the post in Paris in a year's time.

4. D.... S.... has just been helped by I.S.S. with a grant of £75 to start a training in photography. She is promised a definite post in New York as soon as she has finished this training in a year's time.

Conferences

We have written in some detail about the practical relief work which I.S.S. is doing because we believe that that will be of primary interest to Toc H readers, but the other side of the work is really no less practical in its aims although they

lie rather farther ahead. The main characteristic of I.S.S. *conferences* has been that they were designed to bring about a meeting between people of diverse and opposing views. They are not mutual admiration campaigns but gather-

ings of young university men and women who work hard to understand each other's point of view, even when that is difficult and at first humiliating. These conferences grew up out of the annual meetings which were held in those early post-war years for the purpose of deciding what relief schemes were to be adopted for the coming year, where the money was to be found to carry them out, and so forth. In such unpretentious gatherings a fellowship grew up by degrees between those who had been on the opposite sides in the Great War, until that fellowship came to be valued as an end in itself, and the bold aim was adopted of using it in the service of the rising generation which had had nothing to do with the horrors of the war. Could not this spirit of co-operation, it was argued, be used for the building up of a stable peace as well as for remedying the havoc of war?

Nowadays the Annual Conferences continue and bring together the brains of young university people in anything up to thirty countries, but there have also developed a whole hierarchy of smaller conferences between groups of countries, universities within a single country, and even groups within a single university. It all started with two conferences between Jews and non-Jews on the Jewish problem in Central European universities, held in 1929 and 1931. Other burning problems on which I.S.S. has not been afraid of burning its fingers have been the position of Indian and Chinese students in Europe, the prevalence of unemployment among university graduates, especially from the continental European universities, and the political differences between different pairs of countries.

Two things have made these conferences possible at a time when international relations have been becoming more and

more stormy and strained. One was the tradition of careful preparation and of high intellectual standards in the discussions. The other was the spirit of confidence generated by the early relief work which established I.S.S. as a body with no particular political or religious axe to grind and enabled it to provide a platform of complete, though not negative, neutrality.

Thus last winter, between Christmas and the New Year, when relations between this country and France were growing daily more strained over the Abyssinian dispute, I.S.S. was able to bring together a group of about 100 people, half from France and half from Britain, to spend the better part of four days in an intensive study of the situation and in estimating the action to which this situation ought to lead them. Every effort was made to represent in the two delegations the most diverse and even hostile viewpoints, so long as they were genuinely held. Our British delegation, for instance, contained every shade of political opinion, from conservative to communist, and due expression was given to such important viewpoints as Christian pacifism which cut across party distinctions. The result was not a facile demonstration of Franco-British amity, though we think no one came away from the conference without a deeper and more wholesome liking for the French people, but it did result in a deeper understanding of the facts, even the unpleasant facts, and a most salutary impression of how these facts look from the other fellow's point of view.

Work Camps

One other side of I.S.S. activities deserves mention here. From its beginnings, I.S.S. has helped to foster the *work camp* movement. At first, we saw in it

merely an extension of that self-help movement which has been described above. Students could get healthy holidays by working for their keep and thus incidentally helping other classes of the community. Thus, while I.S.S. has not itself organised camps, it has run training courses for work camp leaders and been instrumental in extending the work camp idea to countries where it had not previously been known. But soon it began to be evident that work camps fulfilled another function: they answered the demand of the university student of to-day to come into closer contact with other classes in the community; and there is no better way to get to know a man than to work at his side with pick and shovel. This demand was also shown in a week of study organised by I.S.S. to enable students from the English universities to learn at first hand about the conditions in the depressed area of South Wales. A further development which has proved increasingly fruitful in the last few years has been the organisation of an international exchange of students between the work camps of different countries. Under this scheme numbers of British students—those who are anxious

to get a holiday abroad cheaply and are not afraid of hard work—will spend periods of three weeks or more this summer in the work camps of Austria, Czecho-slovakia, Holland, Hungary, Sweden and Switzerland. Thus, in this way, too, is our double aim of material and spiritual collaboration fulfilled.

Where does the money come from which makes all this work possible? One is tempted to give the answer traditionally given to children who ask "how oats and beans and barley grows," namely, that "nor you nor I nor nobody knows." In other words, we rely for the funds to carry on our work exclusively on the generosity of those men and women in all parts of the world who are good enough to send us money.

Our existence is, it must be confessed, in this respect a hand-to-mouth one. The tragedy is that so often both mouth and hand are empty. If anyone feels that they would like to help this work on, we would assure them that no gift is either too big or too small to be of use to us. We are to be found at 3, Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

EDWARD BRADBY.
GARETH MAUFE.

At the Old House : a New Room

Members have often been told that the Carpenter's Bench, which since the first has served as the altar in the Upper Room of Talbot House, Poperinghe, was found in December, 1915, in the shed at the far end of the garden and moved into the House for its new use on the opening day. The shed itself had fallen into sad dilapidation. Its upper floor was rotten and quite unsafe, its lower part served as part hen-house, part workshop and store for various litter. This forlorn building has now been replaced by a new one, of the same size and general form, which will be of real service to our pilgrim parties. The upper floor, approached by an outside staircase at one end, is now a dormitory holding eight beds comfortably: this brings the accommodation of the Old House up to thirty-three beds. This little room is now properly lighted and ventilated. The ground floor will serve, as before, as a workshop and tool-shed. The whole erection, which had grown unsightly, will no more disturb the harmony of the garden. It will be known simply as 'The Garden Room.'

HINTS TO INVESTORS

IN April when the Central Council of Toc H was concerning itself with the Accounts for the year ended 31st October last, I realised that in a very few days the first half of the present financial year would be a thing of the past. I then remembered that I had been told that I ought to tell members and friends from time to time how the finances of Toc H were progressing, or not progressing, as the case may be. Therefore, the present time would appear to be most appropriate for the saying of my little piece.

The Accounts of Headquarters and the Areas for the six months ended 30th April, 1936, disclose the fact that there is a deficit of £2,342 on the half year's working. As an Accountant, I cannot be expected to be fond of losses and therefore at the moment the only thing that I can think of saying in favour of the present one is that it is £1,226 less than the deficit shown at the corresponding period of last year. As the Registrar, however, I would like to persuade myself that this improvement represents the first of the good results from the loads of talk which have been showered upon the heads of unit Treasurers by the Hon. Administrator and myself.

Expenditure for the period has amounted to £16,476 and is £316 less than that incurred during the first half of last year and I am confident that a decrease of this nature, even though it may have happened by accident rather than by design, is certain to raise three rousing cheers!

Income for the half-year has risen by £910 to £14,134, a state of affairs which ought to raise at least one more cheer. Of individual items, Membership Subscriptions and Capitation Fees have increased by £279 to a total of £2,500; Builders' Subscriptions total £2,547, a rise of £287; unit Contributions have reached £1,896 which is £688 more than the figure received at the corresponding period of last year, whilst there are a few minor increases in other items. There are also some decreases and, of course, the Accounts in question include no part of the Festival finances as they will particularly concern the second half of the year. That, however, is another story and at present I can only say that it will be a ticklish business to make the financial affairs of the Festival a self-balancing item.

The improvement, although comparatively small, is most encouraging and there are signs that at least some units are becoming more prompt and systematic in their payments. There is, however, some considerable leeway still to be made up and this should certainly be realised when I say that in unit Contributions alone no less a sum than £3,278 is still required to equal last year's total. I am certain that this will be forthcoming during the second half of the year, but I may as well be really bold for once and confess that I dared hope that this year, for the first time, I would be permitted to write under the unit Contributions heading the figures which look just like this—£10,000. Will it happen? W. J. M.

A Hard Case

We seldom publish individual appeals but here is a case of real trouble in which Toc H may be able to help—Superior man, 33, not strong, offers services as messenger, or for

light work, in charitable institution or private family, in country, in return for home and pocket money.—Apply Editor, Toc H JOURNAL, for particulars.

FESTIVAL STOP PRESS

THE COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVAL COMMITTEE performs not the least of its many rash acts in asking space for these announcements when the complete time-table of the Central Week of the Festival will be in some members' hands as soon as this JOURNAL, and when much information was given in the April JOURNAL. Yet our reporter reports that some facts and wishes cannot be stated too often. Secretaries and members concerned, kindly note the following.

Tickets, Please

By Allotment Day, some Festival events were heavily overbooked. Since May 12 it has been useless to apply for Pilgrimages (C), (D) and (F), for the Northern Motor-Coach Tours Nos. 5, 6 and 7, for the Mansion House meeting, the gathering at Westminster Abbey, or the Hyde Park Evening at Harrow. Where "rationing" has been necessary, the reasons are definite and have been explained. For other events, last-moment requests for tickets must be accompanied by remittance, please. It will be unwise and unfair to attempt entry to any event without having previously booked and obtained the correct ticket.

Early Events

There will be a rehearsal of the Festival singing in London at All Hallows at 6.30 p.m. on Friday, June 12.

The Southern African pilgrims will be welcomed by their London hosts and hostesses on June 15, and leave the following evening for the Old House, etc., returning to London on Sunday June 21, when in many churches Toc H padres will be preaching. The main party of pilgrims from Australia arrives on June 18, when some join the party going to the Rally at Fleet and the Aldershot Tattoo. On Friday morning, June 19, overseas Toc H members are privileged to have places at the Dress Rehearsal of the Trooping of the Colour. Meanwhile a motor-coach party will be visiting the Western, South-Western and Southern Areas.

For the week-end June 19-22, applications can be accepted for Cambridge, where Colin

Marr, Jim Davies and Ronald Wraith will lead the visitors and their sessions.

The Central Week

There will be some 300 Toc H and 100 L.W.H. members from overseas in London during the week and many others from the provinces before the week-end invasion. Members visiting London can have correspondence addressed to them, c/o Toc H Headquarters, 47, Francis Street, S.W.1, the name of the Branch or Group being added to aid in identification.

Many of the events are intended mainly for the visiting members, but the Services at St. Paul's Cathedral and Royal Albert Hall and the Garden Party and Festival Evening at the Crystal Palace are for all Toc H members and probationers. The Festival Badge will be much in evidence and identity discs have been provided for wear at the gatherings.

During the week the Festival Art Exhibition with over a hundred entries from all parts will be open at Ashley Court, next to St. Andrew's Church, Carlisle Place, Victoria Street, Westminster. At the members' Rendezvous and Rest Room there, all Toc H publications can be bought or ordered, as well as at the large gatherings. At All Hallows-by-the-Tower there will be the regular services, a series of lunch-hour talks by laymen on the meaning of the Festival, and a members' Rest Room nearby.

On Monday, June 22, Tubby welcomes all visiting members at 10.30 a.m. at the historic Guildhall of the City of London. At 12 noon the *Isle of Arran* embarks a large party at Tower Pier to visit the River and the Royal Docks by permission of the Port of London Authority.

In the evening at 8 p.m., at the first great corporate act, the Service of Dedication at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archbishop of York "sets forth our duties and summons us to perform them." Toc H Builders have been invited, besides Toc H members and probationers.

On Tuesday morning, June 23, visiting members will attend the King's Birthday

Parade for Trooping the Colour. Tickets are not available or necessary. At 3 p.m. the Lord Mayor welcomes the oversea members at the Mansion House. No more tickets for the meeting, for men only, are available for home members. The speakers include Lord Bledisloe, the Hon. Vincent Massey, Sir John Cadman and Alec Paterson. Meanwhile, the oversea L.W.H. members are received by their President, the Duchess of Devonshire. In the evening, Alec Gammon (Marks Pilot, late of Colombo) speaks at the Kingston-on-Thames Guest Night for men, and Lord and Lady Salisbury receive Toc H Builders at the gathering in Grocers' Hall.

On Wednesday, June 24, conducted parties go sightseeing. In the afternoon the gathering in the precincts of Westminster Abbey is overbooked, oversea members having preference. The Animal Zoo in Regent's Park witnesses an informal gathering of the Human Zoo in the evening.

On Thursday and Friday, June 25/26, three Conference Groups at Caxton Hall, Westminster deal with "From Probationer to Trained Member," "The Function of the Guest-night," "The Spirit of Area and District Work," on the first morning, and with "Service in Toc H," "Family Finance," and "The Younger Generation," on the second morning. These sessions will be led by Jim Burford, 'Greeno,' Garner Freeston, David Wallace, 'Mus' and G. K. Tattersall, the whole being summed up by Hubert Secretan. On Thursday the oversea L.W.H. members confer at Pierhead House, Wapping. On Thursday afternoon there is a River Trip from Westminster Pier and in the evening the Marks hold Open House. Dr. George Brockless will conduct the song rehearsal at Caxton Hall on Friday morning.

On Friday at Harrow-on-the-Hill, Padre G. H. Woolley shows oversea members the sights; then, at the 'Hyde Park Evening' for men only, Dr. Donald Soper, Padre 'Bobs' Ford and Jack Beet stand up to heckling on national and international questions concerning youth. Meanwhile, the L.W.H. Festival Service at St. Paul's Cathedral at 5.30 p.m. will be followed by a meal at the Crystal Palace, the Lamp Lighting by H.R.H. the

Duchess of York, supported by Miss Macfie and Tubby, a talk by Hubert Secretan and then the Masque (see next page). There are reserved seats available for friends of Toc H and L.W.H. members at 3s. and 10s. each.

On Saturday morning, June 27, there will be large numbers wishing to visit the Houses of Parliament. At the Crystal Palace during the afternoon "Garden Party," which will be shared by the L.W.H. until 6.30 p.m., music will be provided by the Cory Workmen's Silver Band from Glamorganshire, with a splendid record of South Wales Championships. This year all available Lamps and Rushlights and Banners are expected at 4 p.m., and will have a place later in the Festival Ceremony of Light, possibly the last occasion on which so large an assembly will be possible. At 5 o'clock, before High Tea and the Picnic Meals, there will be some brief messages spoken through amplifiers to all present on the Terraces. At the Festival Evening H.R.H. the Duke of Kent will speak and will light the Lamps of the 104 new Branches, including those in Africa, Australia, Canada, China, France, India, New Zealand and Palestine. After the Masque "Master Valiant" (see next page) has been performed, the Archbishop of Canterbury will speak and Padre Arthur Howard will lead the homegoing prayers.

On Sunday, June 28, around Tower Hill there will be Communion Services from 6 to 11 a.m. Breakfasts and lunches will be provided in the City. In the afternoon the L.W.H. family gathers at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington.

At three o'clock that Sunday afternoon a great gathering of men will assemble in the Royal Albert Hall. At this service, the final corporate act of the Festival, thanksgiving and resolve will be the keynotes. Owen Watkins will give his message to Toc H before going to South Africa. The family will be led in prayer and praise by Tubby, Pat and by all available padres, who are asked to bring their robes. By 4.30 p.m., the Central Week and the Weekend of the Festival will be over. Members will disperse thankfully, we hope, and strengthened for the tasks of the movement's manhood.

Half-an-hour's Broadcast

The broadcast kindly arranged by the B.B.C. will be given from 5 to 5.30 p.m. on Sunday, June 28, on the National wavelength. It will be included in the Empire Service at the same time for India and the East, at 8.45 p.m. for South Africa, at 12 midnight for the American Continent and at 6.40 a.m. for the Antipodes, all British Summer Time. The half-hour's programme, spoken by a small anonymous team, is intended to inform people the world over who are not members about the facts of the history, life and purpose of the movement.

After the Central Week

From Monday, June 29 to Thursday morning, July 2, the Three-Day Training Course at the historic Farnham Castle in Surrey will be led by Padres Sawbridge and Leggate and by 'Greeno' and Leslie Wood.

Each night that week the Old House at Poperinghe will be sheltering pilgrims. The oversea members on the motor-coach tours will be catching a glimpse of many towns and much countryside in England and Scotland, being welcomed by their hosts *en route*. On Wednesday, July 1, the Lord Mayor of Newcastle will welcome the oversea members visiting the Northern Area Rally and will entertain another motor-coach party on Friday, July 3.

The members attending the Week-end Conference at Radlett, Herts., from July 3 to 5, should do well in the hands of Colin Marr, Ronald Wraith and the Branch members. They will pay a visit to St. Albans and on Sunday, July 5, will join the Eastern Area Rally and Conference at Rothamsted, led by P. Sutherland Graeme and Jim Burford.

At Windsor on Saturday, July 4, a Service at 6 p.m., at which 'Bobs' Ford will give the address, in St. George's, the historic Chapel

of the Knights of the Garter and the burial place of Kings, will be followed by a Guest-night in the School Hall at Eton College, where Gilbert Williams will speak.

Late bookings by oversea members are available for the Tours from Monday, July 6, in South and North Wales and in Ireland.

By which to Remember

Copies of "The Service of Dedication," price 3d., postage extra, and of the Festival Evening Programme, price 1s., post free, should be ordered at once from the Registrar for issue before supplies are exhausted.

All members knowing the art of photography are invited to use their cameras throughout the Festival with due respect and to send the results to the Editor of the JOURNAL at Headquarters by July 10.

A fully illustrated report of the Festival will appear in the Double Number of the JOURNAL for August. Copies in excess of ordinary requirements should be ordered from the Registrar *now*.

For use in Preparation

O THOU, who didst give us light before Thou gavest us breath, renew our light and breathe anew on us, now drawing near our manhood's festival.

Where faith is shallow, deepen it, O Lord; where vision dim, clear our enfeebled sight; where pride prevails, give us humility to serve mankind in thankfulness to Thee.

For our hearts, we ask the sacrificial love our Elder Brethren knew; for our minds, clear, honest thought, Thy Kingdom as its mark; for our wills, the tempered steel of purpose for our cause; and for our hands, the tasks that Christ would do.

Father in Heaven, secure us with Thy seal, the mark of Christ, our pattern and our guide.—*Amen*.

"MASTER VALIANT: A CHORAL MASQUE"

Following a tradition of our Festivals, a piece of music, action and pageantry will close the Festival evening at the Crystal Palace, both on Friday, June 26 and Saturday, June 27. In 1925 the first 'Masque,' *In*

the Light of the Lamp, devised by Barkis, with music by Christopher Ogle, was performed at the Royal Albert Hall. In 1926 it was repeated in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester. In 1928 the same music was re-

arranged, with additions, for a new Masque, *The Four Points of the Compass*, in the Albert Hall. In 1929 'pageantry' took the form of an 18th Century Nativity Play, *At the Sign of the Star*, written by Barkis, with music by Martin Shaw. This was first performed at the Albert Hall and was repeated at the National Festival held in Birmingham Town Hall in 1932. In 1931 Barkis dramatised some episodes from the history of the 'miraculous' tree at Glastonbury in *The Thorn of Avalon*, with music by Martin Shaw again, at the Crystal Palace.

For the Coming-of-Age of 1936 Barkis has devised a new 'Choral Masque' to fit the occasion; Martin Shaw has written delightful music for it; George Brockless, as on several other occasions, will conduct it; and Clive Carey, now well-known for the fine production of opera at the Old Vic and Sadlers Wells, is the producer. This team are all Toc H members. A choir of 700 voices, all volunteers from many London choirs and choral societies, are practising the choral music every week, and a cast of about 150 actors and actresses, drawn almost entirely from Toc H and L.W.H. membership, are also doing weekly rehearsals. The orchestra of 77 players comes this time from Morley College for working men and women in South London. It consists of unemployed professional musicians, all of high standard, who with thousands of other orchestral players have been suffering very severely for years, especially since the 'talkies' robbed them of employment in the cinema orchestras.

It would be difficult to find a place less suited to stage production than the Crystal Palace. Its platform is very small and an additional 'apron' stage has had to be built out beyond it. No curtain is possible as a background to the scene, for it would shut out the choir and orchestra who have to occupy the tiers at the back of the stage: the meccano-like girders of this great greenhouse flank the picture and the legs of musicians form its immediate 'scenery.' Moreover under the enormous glass roof on a June evening it is dusk rather than dark and 'lighting effects' will lose much of their power until the piece nears its end. All that can be attempted

therefore is simple action and the piece must rely greatly on its music, the colour of its costumes and the use of great processions which move up and down the hall between the seated audience. Speaking parts are scarcely possible, and so the piece is mimed and danced in dumb show, with the exception of four principal singers upon the stage.

"Master Valiant," then, is a very straightforward 'bed-time story.' Its theme is a young man's coming-of-age, his growth from youth to responsible manhood, in other words an allegory of the history of Toc H up to the present moment. We shall see him first in care-free mood before the war. The foretaste of tragedy interrupts for a few moments the song and dance of this time—and then, unexpectedly, violence steps in, an older man (standing for our Elder Brethren) intervenes to protect young Valiant, and is himself slain. In dying he hands on his job to Valiant, who swears (in familiar words from the Toc H Prayer) to be faithful to his trust. The testing time follows, when Valiant is confronted first with many of his neighbours in distress, whom he helps as best he can, and then with a situation in which he has to act quickly and risk his own life for the sake of another. Thus he serves his probation, and finally is admitted, in the presence of a great fellowship of all kinds, to the ranks of full-grown manhood. He sets out, at the end of the piece, to undertake his new responsibilities.

This simple tale could have been told in modern dress, but the gaunt spaces of the Crystal Palace cry out for colour and music and the dignity of a pageant. So our young man's action is set in the year 1400, when English dress was at its most splendid, and in the 'age of chivalry' when manners were full of ceremony. Master Valiant begins life on the stage as Squire to an elderly knight; he leaves it, after his testing and his vigil of a probationer, when he has received knighthood at the King's hands.

The words and action of the Masque will appear in the Festival Programme. The musical score is published by the Oxford University Press, price 2s. 6d. We predict that at least one noble tune in it will take its place henceforward in common Toc H use.

A BIRTHDAY BOOK

We all have our various tastes in Birthday gifts. Some of us prefer books to anything else because they last longer, are more companionable and have the virtue to combine an air of culture with that of decoration. Perhaps that decorative virtue is their best quality in an age like ours which expends more true craftsmanship on the covers of its books than it does upon the literature set between them. However, a good cover has its uses if it is only stared at. But books are meant to be read; a good book twice, a masterpiece a score of times. And yet, it is staggering to contemplate how many volumes, in thousands, in tens of thousands must range in silence upon shelves where neither dust nor the housemaid corrupts. Such is the diverse fate of books.

Such reflections, however, are a prelude to a 'blurb' of the Birthday Book of Toc H. Under the title of "A Birthday Book" it is now published at the price of 2s. and contains 144 pages of print with 32 pages of illustrations. We hope it will be both ornamental and useful; will be bought, read and spared

the fate of neglect, at least, for some time to come. It is a book to read again. That is to name it, a good book; a masterpiece it has no claim to be.

The contents will not be judged as literature but by the amount of light they level upon Toc H, its Thought and Ways. The volume is in two parts; part one is general and critical; in it many well known Toc H writers try to explain the background, faith and purpose of the Movement; the second part is history. In this section an attempt has been made to give a clear but critical picture of Toc H overseas, past and present, as seen against the influence of the social and cultural problems which it is called upon to tackle. "A Birthday Book" owes much of its value to the overseas contributors. One thing is certain. In future when members of the Family are asked that awkward question, "What is Toc H?" they can produce this volume and say "This book will give you an idea. When you have read it, then come and see."

FESTIVAL PUBLICATIONS

A BIRTHDAY BOOK : TWENTY-ONE YEARS OF TOC H. By various authors. Illustrated. 176 pages. Two shillings.*

THE SERVICE OF DEDICATION : THE ORDER OF SERVICE used in St. Paul's Cathedral at the Coming-of-Age Festival. Threepence.*

THE FESTIVAL EVENING PROGRAMME : The order of events at the Crystal Palace on June 26 and 27; the synopsis and words of the Coming-of-Age Masque; the complete Rolls of the Lamps of Maintenance and Lamps of the Magnificat. One shilling, post free. (Available after June 27).

MASTER VALIANT : A CHORAL MASQUE for the Coming-of-Age Festival. By Barclay Baron. Music by Martin Shaw. (Oxford University Press). Two shillings and sixpence.*

TOC H JOURNAL : DOUBLE NUMBER FOR AUGUST, 1936. An illustrated record of the Festival. One shilling (8s. 8d. per dozen), post free.

* *Postage extra.* The above are obtainable from the Registrar, Toc H, 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

THAT ATMOSPHERE

DIFFERENT motives urge different folk to the Theatre. Whatever the direct motive, however, few will deny that the Play is chiefly useful for relaxation, enjoyment and recreation.

As we sit in our seat—be it in stalls or gallery—and as the vivid scenes slip across the stage, the plot of the piece—whether comedy, farce or tragedy—develops. We become interested: interest leads to absorption, and we find ourselves carried away by the *Atmosphere* until we feel that we are really part of the play. And, after the final curtain, we step from the lighted auditorium into the slush and cold of a winter's night; we land with a bump, as it were, back into this workaday world of care and anxiety, back from that other world of vision into which, for a couple of hours or so, we have been lifted. And we feel definitely better. Haven't you ever experienced it?

Have you ever thought about the ingredients necessary for the creation and "putting across" of an *atmosphere*? Behind the scenes you will see what team-work means, and you realise that it is nothing but team-work of the very highest order which can create and put across the footlights an *atmosphere* sufficiently powerful to draw people into it.

The Author has written the story: it may be brilliant or even mediocre—so much depends upon the production. The Producer, the Stage Managers and the Players—which includes the scene shifters, stage hands, "lights" and "noises off" and even the dressers—each and all together, by a marvellous piece of team-work, put across the footlights the *atmosphere* which the Author intended. It has meant weeks of hard work in rehearsal; it has demanded of every single individual the absolute surrender, the complete sacrifice of Self.

And the monotony of it! If the show is successful, it means for months, night after night—twice a day perhaps for two or three days a week—tremendous effort to keep the *atmosphere*, and not let it get stale. If for one instant Self rises to the surface in any single individual the show is let down.

Little can we guess, as we sit in front of the footlights, how that charming, fascinating Leading Lady is nearly breaking with anxiety while her heart is at home perhaps with a sick child. Yet she seems to revel in her part; not a sign of Self appears. Or again, one may feel like nothing on earth, but the audience mustn't even guess it. The Play's the thing, all the time. No other profession in the world demands more sacrifice of Self than the Stage demands.

And all to create an *atmosphere*—to serve you and me.

All of which things are an allegory.

Toc H Translation

Toc H is often called *God's Show*. Like a good many other happy phrases, this one has become so hackneyed that we are, some of us, fed up with it.

And yet *God's Show* is perhaps the truest definition of Toc H. Certainly God Himself is the Author. The chief producer is Tubby; the whole-time Staff are the stage managers, while you and I are the Players—including the hundred-and-one other folk—whose work in whatever humble capacity is essential to the local production of *The Show*. This privilege, of being "in The Show," demands of each one of us a very high standard of sacrifice—if we are to play our own small parts to the utmost of our ability.

The Leaders of each unit are the local managers and producers—Area and District Executives are the co-ordinating link

—but they cannot put the *atmosphere* across if even one member of the unit is too absorbed in his own affairs to surrender Self completely. Any Show depends for its success upon the box office: so long as this is good, the show is successful. Herein lies the only difference between the *Theatre* and *God's Show*; for whereas people pay to go to the former, the latter is a free show!

Now, a show that is played to an audience which hasn't paid for its seats has to be financed somehow—either by Charity or by the Players. It is inconceivable that we, the Players, can be content to let *God's Show* be financed by Charity—as it has been in the past—and we have got to do something about it; otherwise we shall let the Show down. It means sacrifice, but nothing like the sacrifice you might expect, provided that the teamwork is spontaneous and unanimous throughout the family.

I am not going into figures; you know the position: last financial year the membership of Toc H contributed approximately 1.4d. (nearly 1½d.) each per week to Headquarters. Considering that in June last, when Sutherland Graeme's letter was issued, this figure was about ½d. this is a very definite improvement. But why don't we take the whole of the liability on our own shoulders? It can be done—and we shall enjoy it all the more.

A Practical Proposal

Here is a practical proposal then, worked out on a basis of self-assessment, which if carried out by each of the 40,000 odd members of Toc H here at home, would solve the problem.

Now, all problems have to start with an assumption—I think it is called the *data*.

Some of our 40,000 members are unemployed, and clearly cannot contribute any-

thing. Many are earning £4-£5 a week, and more. We will assume an average income for each of the 40,000 members of 40s. a week, which seems reasonable.

Practically every member, poor or rich, sacrifices at least 2-3 hours of his time each week to attend his unit's meeting. If he also sacrificed say 3 hours—a married man 1½ hours—of his *income*, the problem is solved! 40s. a week means a fraction under 3d. per hour so we may call 3 hours income 8d. (not to be too generous) or in the case of the married man, 4d. per week. Remember that this is an average only, and it is up to each man to work out his own offering on the basis of his hourly income.

The result would be a total weekly income of not less than £800-£900—say £45,000 a year! The Accounts of Toc H Incorporated, published in the April JOURNAL show an expenditure of nearly £33,000, so there would be at least £10,000 a year for local unit and area expenses.

What would it mean?

What would it mean? The generous contributions of the Toc H Builders could be devoted entirely to the work of building Toc H throughout the world—as they should be. Toc H itself would be entirely self-supporting, and its financial stability assured.

A wonderful vision, you will say? Yes, but absolutely possible, given the realisation that this financial question is not a thing apart from Toc H. It is, in fact, the very essence of the Spirit of Sacrifice which Toc H demands—for sacrifice is giving what you *cannot afford*.

What a wonderful twenty-first birthday gift to Toc H lies within our grasp! And more even than this, we should then, in very truth, be able to say that Toc H is *God's Show*.

H. H. R.

'GREAT STUFF—THIS RUMMAGE !'

"WHAT do you weigh?"

"Ten stone-odd!"

"You're a bit too light. What do you weigh, Frank?"

"Eleven-six!"

"Good! You can be on the door at the Rummage Sale."

I bowed as gracefully as my weight will permit, and duly thanked the organiser for the honour I thought had been bestowed upon me. In my innocence I assumed I had been given the exalted post of declaring the Sale open and of welcoming the aristocratic purchasers.

But I soon discovered my mistake—when I was pushed outside to quieten the waiting women an hour or so before the sale was advertised to commence.

But this is anticipating things a little. During the morning I had assisted in sorting and pricing some of the articles to the best of my ability.

"But people in this select district do not buy old things like these!" I exclaimed, perhaps a little fastidiously holding up a pair of none-too-clean undergarments.

"Mark 'em a tanner—and let them go for threepence," replied one of the ladies. I obeyed.

"Where does this go?" queried another mere male holding up a very strained bodybelt.

"Once round auntie and twice round a gasometer!" was the triumphant cry of one of the slum-women who eventually bought it.

"But it all looks such rubbish," I protested, arranging a bundle of magazines marked fourpence and a mixed parcel of wireless parts labelled 'Cheap—1/6d.'

Every article was marked, *à la* Caledonian Market and Petticoat Lane, at an exorbitant price which was to be adjusted after careful haggling between stallholder and customer.

"Those three picture frames, tie them together and mark 'em 1/3d., and let them go for a shilling. I've taken out the glass from them and sent it to the P.D.S.A. man. He needs glass for his animal-shelves!"

Those frames—relics of a good old Victorian mansion and had once contained the noble emblems and certificates of Guild membership for one, 'John Archibald Stiggers.' Evidently J. A. S. has passed to a place where he does not need any business qualifications. His sorrowing relations, if any, do not wish to gaze upon his triumphs and his photograph. After adorning some home for several decades the pictures were now to help our funds and the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

Perhaps the faded picture of J. A. S. smiled as he watched his once cherished diplomas destroyed by a grandson who wished to brighten up the old home.

"Let the women in!" came a voice from behind the door. I moved slightly to allow the roaring and raging herd to pass by one at a time.

"My feet, thank you madam, when you have finished with them." I apologised.

"Move out of the way!" was my only thanks.

"Give me your tuppences," cried a shrill voice behind me. I hardly recognised it—the wife of the Padre!

Surely this mercenary woman was not the shy and quiet little lady who presided at Socials, sympathised with the aged, and advised her fellow-mothers at the Mothers' Union? Yes, it was, my eyes were not deceived, and she was determined to have her pound of flesh (pardon, Mrs. Shylock) her tuppence from every woman entering the hall for the Rummage Sale.

The psychology of the admittance fee is soon understood. It must have been a

woman who originally devised such a plan—naturally every person who pays to attend a sale wishes to get value for their twopence and purchases something. It kept out the curious—and up went the sales and the receipts.

Shades of the Bargain Basements and the one-price, one-stall establishments! Like the large departmental stores all goods purchased must be wrapped up—and woe betide any woman who will not wait. Her purchase is eyed suspiciously by our 'floorwalker'—the gentleman who is ten-stones in weight. Muscle sometimes makes an impression!

"Steady! Stop pushing at the back!" I cried.

There is talking and bargaining around me.

"No, Madam, you cannot have the green handbag. The lady over there has bought it."

"The little green hat beside it?"

"No—the other pair. Those are no good to me. I'm forty round the waist!"

"Shilling!"

"I'll give you ninepence for it."

"Right, Ma!" (All our customers are 'Ma's' or 'Pa's'.)

"Have you sold the blue scarf there?"

"No—do you want it?"

"Yes. How much is it!"

"I can't find a price on it but you can have it for eighteen-pence."

"Shilling—One-an'-three, then."

"All right."

"Hi! Put my scarf down—Gee!"

"Have you any pyjamas?"

"Sorry. My husband is the only man who gives us any and he will not part with his old one's yet. But I will save them for you for the next sale, Mrs. Dilberry," explained the padre's wife.

Mrs. Dilberry thanked the saleswoman and turned her attention to the grey flannels department. Meanwhile I heard

a little about Mrs. Dilberry from the cash collector at the door. Mrs. Dilberry patronises all the rummage sales. She has seen better days and is a war-widow with two sons. One was born in 1913 and the other in 1920 and Mrs. Dilberry is still a war-widow. She always buys all the flannels, 28 inch, for her youngest son who is a bricklayer's mate. He makes the tea for the men and also selects their 'Winners.' He is glad of cheap flannels as the cheaper his working clothes the more cash he can spend upon his girl—a peroxide blonde who works at the local shirt factory.

Mrs. Dilberry bought a few oddments but there seems to be a rather big bulge underneath her coat but she had not purchased any flannels yet there is one pair less on the stall.

"Such a pity we did not arrange to have a policeman here this afternoon!" whispers one girl. She is in charge of flannels.

A couple of Scouts wrap bulky parcels. Two Guides make tea not only for the workers but also for the customers who seem delighted over buying a cup of tea and a biscuit for a penny. It was happiness at a very cheap price for women who can seldom afford to buy a cup of tea at a café and who never have a meal prepared for them.

"Got a pair of boots to fit my H'Alec?" asks a timid little woman in black. Forward Mrs. Padre, who is in charge of the Children's Footwear department now the door-rush has ended.

There is no time for an X-ray test to ensure easy-fitting. No pinching and feeling softly down and round the ankles to make sure the little feet are absolutely 'comfy.' There is no opportunity to compliment the mother upon her wise selection—it was simply a matter of the right size boots, no half-sizes, and a grateful customer searching in a thin purse for the

coppers which would pay for H'Alec's winter footwear. No gloves for his little fingers since they are considered a luxury in the civilised community in which he lives.

Those who most need the articles displayed are usually prepared to pay the full-marked price for the goods. They are afraid they might lose their bargain.

H'Alec's mother is tuppence short and Mrs. Padre can see the distress is genuine. There is a whispered conference . . . and H'Alec's mother calls at the Vicarage next day to receive a small parcel of oddments which the scion of the house has outgrown and which were considered too good to be sent to an unknown destination at the Rummage Sale.

At last the Rummage Sale ends. The last purchaser departs and another man enters the premises. He is our only client who has arrived by motor. Certainly it was rather a rococo machine but then it is only his oldest vehicle. The dealer uses it to collect the rubbish left at the end of various rummage sales. He offers a small sum for the remnants left. Our first customer had walked three miles and

waited ninety minutes. The last client had arranged to call at a certain time and had his car to help him on his way. He also has a nice little sports car in which he takes out his girl for the day. Jim Dilberry manages to see his girl when she finishes her labours. The dealer supports his female partner in a nice little flat, and his flannels are made to measure. Jim Dilberry waits outside the shirt factory in a very smart pair of grey flannels which were discarded by the householder where he is working. The dealer waits for the lady-secretary in a new pair of flannels as he gave his last pair to the bricklayer's mate.

And Mrs. Dilberry sorts out her purchases from the Rummage Sale and wonders what she would have done if there had been a policeman present . . . and policemen are so suspicious when they find an old lady has a pair of unwrapped grey flannels tucked underneath her fur coat (purchased for half-a-crown at the Rummage Sale last season).

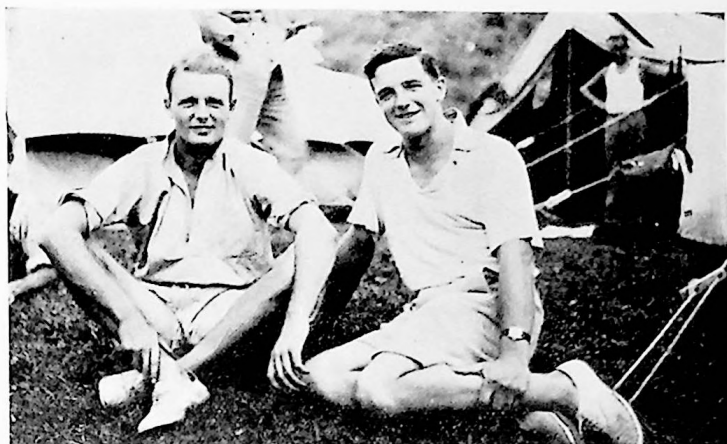
Still perhaps the wife of the Vicar might have said a few kind words . . . She hopes!

FRANK A. KING.

TWO NEW RECORDS OF TUBBY

Tubby's voice has been recorded on two new gramophone records, ready for the Festival. The first is a 12-inch record: one side reproduces a little talk by him on "Courage," the other a message "To Toc H." The price of this is 2s. 9d.; carriage and packing paid, 4s. The other is a 10-inch record, reproducing on one side a talk "Our Sisters" and on the other "The Old House speaks": price 1s. 9d.; carriage and packing paid, 3s. These records will be on sale, during the main Festival week, at the Art Exhibition, Ashley Court (see p. 217), and at All Hallows. Enquiries should be addressed to the Registrar at H.Q.

Members are also reminded of two previous records of Tubby's voice. In the first they will hear a part of his speech at the World Chain of Light in the Royal Albert Hall in 1930, including the reading of a message from the Patron on that occasion. Many hundred copies of this are already in circulation and are known to Toc H in all parts of the world. The number of this record is H.M.V. C2201, and the price 4s., including carriage and packing. The other record deals with two causes which Tubby has specially at heart, the Leprosy Campaign and Tower Hill Improvement. This was made in 1934, and the price is also 4s.



TWO CAMPERS.

*Alan Cowling (Secretary to Australian Executive) and Brian Billings
(Area Secretary, New South Wales).*



THREE SAVAGES.

*Mutanda, Padre Tom Savage and
Kawadza at Umlali, Rhodesia.*



HOW CAN TOC H HELP IN MEDICINE?

IN all branches of medical work, methods of treatment used should be controlled by results. That is why they are continually changing, less effective methods giving place to more effective.

In many diseases the time which elapses between treatment and cure is so short that the value of the treatment can be assessed almost immediately. Examples of such diseases are rabies and diphtheria which respond so well to the Pasteur treatment and to diphtheria anti-toxin respectively. There are types of disease, however, in which treatment is prolonged, in which relapses are apt to occur, or in which further changes are likely to develop after a considerable time. To anyone of intelligence it is obvious that such cases should be kept in touch with, and the patient, of course, should co-operate to this end. In many cases, however, although it may be to their own detriment, patients fail to attend or communicate with the physician; and as any statistical analysis of his results by the physician necessitates accurate information about all his patients, a follow-up is essential.

Such a follow-up is necessary in many diseases and it is conceivable that at some future date it will be used in an attempt to get still more scientific knowledge of the late results of most operations and of many acute diseases. At present, in various parts of this country there are investigations of this kind proceeding in series of cases of nephritis, encephalitis and complications of pregnancy. But the most comprehensive follow-up which has ever been carried out is that going on in connection with radium work. In this country many centres have been established for the treatment of patients with radium and the assessment of results and, for both these essential parts

of the work, a follow-up system is required, to decide both the effects and after-effects of treatment at various periods. This is a very necessary part of the work, because, although they are used in the treatment of many other conditions, radium and X-ray have proved a useful means of treatment of cancer. The follow-up involves clerical work for communicating with the patients, and clinics at which they are seen and examined; but, in the last resort, in some cases visitors must go out in order to track down some of the patients who are still untraced. The difficulty and prolonged time which are of necessity spent in this visiting make it impossible to manage without voluntary help, and it is obvious that such helpers must be sincere, thorough, persistent and, above all, tactful. They have to find persons who may have made several changes of address, and the sources of information available which may provide a clue to the whereabouts of the patient must all be tapped and every item of information possible must be obtained and utilised so that a definite result is obtained. The sources of information concerned may be neighbours, relations, police, ministers and tradesmen.

The information supplied by the visitor to the officer in charge of the follow-up may be useless or misleading unless it is definite and accurate and, if possible, it should be final. Inaccuracies are serious obstacles to the drawing of reliable conclusions. When a patient is traced the best plan is for a form, provided by the follow-up officer, to be filled up (if necessary and if the patient requests it, with the aid of the visitor) so that information regarding improvement, present condition and willingness to attend can be given and sent to the Centre

in an envelope sealed by the patient.

It is in this visiting that Toc H is in a unique position to help, for with its units in all parts of the country, not only can many of the Radium Centres be assisted, but patients who move from one place to another can often be traced by co-operation between units in the two districts. In dealing with female patients it is obvious that the best visitors are women, and this offers an excellent opportunity

for co-operation between the L.W.H. and Toc H.

In Sheffield, where this has been done, considerable assistance has already been given to the Radium Centre; and now that the organisation of visiting has been improved, it is hoped that still more will be done. Any further information will be gladly supplied by the Secretary, Radium Research, Toc H Mark VIII, Christchurch Road, Sheffield, 3.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

Alexander Spence: Minster Group

Minster Group records with deep regret the death of SANDY SPENCE after a short illness. He will be greatly missed for his unselfish work for the new Group and Toc H as a whole.

Charles L. Hepworth: Maybush Branch

Padre HEPWORTH, who died in London in March, was an old member of Maybush Branch. After six years as Vicar of South Creek in Norfolk, he spent many years with the Railway Mission to South Africa.

W. Duncan Miller: Fort Beaufort Branch

W. DUNCAN MILLER, O.B.E., M.A., M.B., C.M., an active citizen of Fort Beaufort for thirty-eight years, will be greatly missed not only by his Branch, but by the many social activities with which he was associated.

Born in Glasgow in 1868, he entered Glasgow University, took medical qualifications and entered the Medical Missionary Service. At Fort Beaufort he held one important medical post after another. In 1924 he was the first President of the Cape Eastern Branch of the South African Medical Association. His interest in natives was also a very real one, and he was one of the chief promoters of the Fort Beaufort Joint Council recently established to improve the conditions of the Bantu people and to better the relations between the white and black races. By nature

he was a keen sportsman and generous of heart and of purse to a fault.

Thomas Sidney Jones: Woking Branch

The Woking Branch deeply regret the death of SID JONES at the early age of twenty-five after a long illness. His cheerfulness and strength of character under much suffering will be remembered.

Charles Johnson: Llandudno Branch

Llandudno Branch has sustained a loss of a quiet and lovable personality with the death of CHARLES JOHNSON. He had been a member of the Branch for nearly two years and had done a great deal of good work among the blind of the locality.

Bertram Talbot: Vice-President

BERTRAM TALBOT, who died aged 71 in April, was connected with Toc H through his cousinship to Bishop Neville and Gilbert Talbot. He became interested in the Old House during the War and it was partly through his help that the furnishings of the Upper Room were provided. He was a Vice-President of Toc H in Scotland. For many years of active life he was Clerk to the House of Commons, a member of Roxburgh County Council and Chairman of the Education Committee. He was also the first lay representative of the Episcopal Church of Scotland and took a prominent part in the administrative side of its affairs.

METAPHORICAL MADNESS

This article is written with acknowledgments and apologies to J.G. in the May JOURNAL and all those others who at various times have likened Toc H to this or that. The use of metaphors can be a disease and Toc H in consequence may come to have so many likenesses that it will have no apparent nature or feature of its own. This gentle and good-humoured gibe at 'Metaphoritis' will we hope not offend, but chasten as it amuses. If it is obscure in sense readers will realise the cause.

LISTEN, O Brother, to my strange tale,
and take heed.

There lives and works a donkey called Toc H, bearing always before him on a short pole, as all good donkeys do, a bundle of carrots known as Ideals. Being of a youthful temperament and yet of mature age, he feels at times that he will manage the carrot-trick, but temporary failure therein does not worry him unduly, for his father must have been a chameleon whose changeable nature has persisted in his offspring, and Toc H well knows that he can change his metaphor as easy as wink.

Toc H, you see (unlike most donkeys) began his life as a dry seed blown to earth by a thunder wind somewhere in Flanders. Shooting green buds straightly from the ground, Toc H found himself fostered by the Church and transplanted into the wider world, but not without suffering some little change in the process. He found, indeed, that he had become a suckling child drawing strength from his foster-mother. This did not last long, for Toc H took to strange foods, which included the vitamins of Organisation and Ideals (carrots must have been more easily attained then). One day he narrowly escaped being a carrot himself. As

someone said at the time "The pilot, running in harness with the padre, nearly missed the bus by trying to hand round Toc H on a plate."

His has been a chequered career, including transformations to the image of a power house, a human zoo and many another strange and stimulating form.

Even now the poor dear is uncertain of himself, for some people say he is a square peg (having withal angular points like a compass) and is engaged busily in hammering himself into a round hole—a feat involving no little dexterity even in these days of mechanical aids to progress. Others say that he is not only the peg and the hammer but also the fingers that must be kept from between the twain. Some, supposing him to be the peg only, hold that his true strength depends on his environment and not himself, while others aver that the hole into which he is hammering himself will give way first. . .

But I think that he is a donkey, bearing an ever-increasing burden of metamorphic and metaphorical likenesses of himself—and you know what comes of adding straws to loads. Dash it! Now I've turned him into a camel.

R. C. W.

Ough !

*The wind was rough
And cold and blough;
She kept her hands within her mough.
It chilled her through,
Her nose grew blough,
Because, although*

*There was no snough
The weather was a cruel fough:
It made her cough—
Pray, do not scough—
She coughed until her hat blew ough!*

MULTUM IN PARVO

✠ THE COMING-OF-AGE FESTIVAL will be held from June 15 to July 5, 1936. *Verb. sap!*

✠ The elections of Councillors to serve on the CENTRAL COUNCIL for 1936-38 will be held in October and November.

✠ The Central Council has appointed Lt.-General SIR REGINALD MAY to be a Trustee of Toc H Incorporated in place of the late Field-Marshal Viscount Byng of Vimy.

✠ Admiral SIR WILLIAM FISHER has consented to be appointed as a President of the Association and the Rev. PETER MONIE as a Vice-President.

✠ The Presidency of Toc H in the Dominion of Canada has been accepted by the Governor-General, LORD TWEEDSMUIR.

✠ The Hon. Secretary for the Services, Lt.-Colonel ERIC BROWN, now has his office at 42, Trinity Square, E.C.3.

✠ A number of staff changes will become necessary after the Festival. HOWARD DUNNETT (Southern Area) goes to the Argentine as Area Secretary, and will be accompanied for three months, on the invitation of the Argentine Council, by BARKIS.

To replace Howard, PERCY KETNOR, after five years' strenuous work in the Northern Area, will move to the Southern. He in turn will be replaced by JIM BURFORD in the Northern Area, which will now have the benefit of Jim's gifts and special knowledge of the mining industry. South Wales, saddened to lose Jim, will be happy that he is to be replaced by an old friend in A. S. GREENACRE. Greeno's place in the Western Area will be filled by REG SMITH, who has done some of his training there and is already known to many.

A change is also taking place in the south, GARNER FREESTON coming to the Southern London Area, and TED HAMMOND going to work with Padre Leggate and Leslie Wood in Kent, Surrey and Sussex.

JOHN MALLET has been selected for the post of Area Secretary, Natal, under the Southern Africa Council, a post rendered vacant by

the death of ERIC PAGDEN, who was in training for it.

Padre ARTHUR HOWARD is leaving the North-Western Area to become Padre of the Scottish Areas, a post rendered vacant by the resignation of Padre Ogilvie. Padre JIM DAVIES from Hull will succeed Arthur Howard in the North-Western Area and Lakeland Division (now constituted an Area). Padre H. BURSEY (Chirk) will replace him in East Yorkshire.

Padre NORMAN KNOCK completes his term on the staff this summer and his place in West Yorkshire will be taken by Padre R. S. DYE (Hitchin).

JIM WING, who has been helping the staff in Scotland during the vacancy of the padre's post, resigned his temporary appointment at the end of April. Our thanks and good wishes in the business work he is undertaking go with him.

Padre J. N. JORY (late of Kolar Gold Fields) has been appointed to the staff as from September 1, and will fill the new appointment of padre based on Winnipeg which has been made possible by the contributions of members and friends in that region.

J. H. M. JACKSON (London, Ont.) has been appointed by the Eastern Canada Executive, with the approval of the Central Executive, to succeed Bob Thompson as Regional Secretary.

RAY BECK, who accompanied Padre Michael Coleman for the first months of his term in Western Canada, has now returned to this country.

JACK SHAW (Northern Ireland Assistant Secretary) has been appointed to the permanent staff and will become Area Secretary for Ireland from a date to be arranged. Padre Howard will continue to be padre for Ireland.

✠ Congratulations to *Karachi* Branch (India) on its promotion.

✠ THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will be observed from 9 p.m. on December 11, 1936, twenty-one years after the opening of the Old House, to 9 p.m. on December 12.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CENTRAL COUNCIL

THE Central Council, the governing body of Toc H, held its Annual Meeting on the afternoon of Saturday, April 25 at 42, Trinity Square, E.C. in the hall well-known to London members as the Toc H Lunch Club. As usual, the meeting coincided with—but was not visibly affected by—the Cup Final at Wembley.

Councillors assembled first, as is their custom, in All Hallows for prayers, conducted by Padre F. W. BAGGALLAY.

P. SUTHERLAND GRAEME, Chairman of the Central Executive, took the chair. There were 86 Councillors present, and a few visiting overseas members as well as many members of the headquarters staff. The usual motion was carried at the outset giving leave to anyone present who was not a Councillor to speak but not to vote. Some overseas greetings were then read by REX CALKIN (General Secretary).

Appointment of Association Padres

The following appointments, made since the last meeting, were submitted by the administrative Padre to the Council for confirmation under the provisions of the Charter (Article VI), and were duly confirmed:—

(i) *Paid*: Revs. W. McN. Bradshaw (C. of E., Manchester Area), H. Bursey (C. of E., for East Yorkshire Area), R. N. Craig (C. of E., for the new Birmingham House), R. S. Dabbs (C. of E., East Midlands Area), R. S. Dye (C. of E., for West Yorkshire Area), J. N. Jory (Methodist, for Winnipeg, Canada).

(ii) *Unpaid—at Home*: Revs. G. Barclay (Presbyterian), F. W. Bell (Congregational), J. McL. Campbell (C. of E.), F. D. Morley (Methodist), F. C. Nicholls (Congregational), E. T. A. Parker (C. of E.), F. O. Urwin (C. of E.).

(iii) *Unpaid—Overseas*: Very Rev. W. A. Palmer (C. of E., Johannesburg), Rev. J. R. Webb (Methodist, Pretoria).

Election of Central Executive

Voting papers for the election of the Central Executive had been issued to members of

the Council as they entered the meeting with instructions to vote for sixteen candidates—eight on the 'London' list and eight on the 'Rest of Great Britain and Ireland' list: this was in accordance with the usual practice. These papers were collected later in the afternoon, during the tea interval, and the new Central Executive for 1936-1937 was declared to be as follows:—

LONDON LIST.

LEONARD F. BROWNE (*Northern London Area Executive*).

KEITH FRASER (*Eastern London Area Executive*).

WILLIAM GILL (*Southern London Area Executive*).

MICHAEL HINDE (*Fulham Branch*).

LT.-GEN. SIR REGINALD MAY (*Vice-President*).

LEN SCARFE (*Tower Hamlets District Secretary*).

Rev. GILBERT WILLIAMS (*Southern London Area Padre*).

HARRY U. WILLINK (*former Chairman, Central Executive*).

REST OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND LIST.

JOHN BEALE (*Southern Area Executive*).

J. C. BOOTH (*Kent Area Executive*).

JOHN BOSTOCK (*Manchester Area Executive*).

SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL (*Oxford & Thames Valley Area Executive*).

BRIAN T. DICKSON (*Oxford & Thames Valley Executive*).

P. SUTHERLAND GRAEME (*Chairman, Central Executive*).

Rev. M. P. G. LEONARD (*former Administrative Padre*).

Rev. H. F. SAWBRIDGE (*Western Area Padre*).

Note: ERIC O. MOSS (*Manchester Area Executive, formerly West Yorkshire*) has since been co-opted.

EX-OFFICIO MEMBERS.

Rev. P. B. CLAYTON (*Founder Padre*).

WM. A. HURST (*Hon. Treasurer*).

H. A. SECRETAN (*Hon. Administrator*).

Rev O. S. WATKINS (*Hon. Admin. Padre*).

Tubby Speaks

The CHAIRMAN warmly welcomed the FOUNDER PADRE, recently returned from the Mediterranean Fleet. TUBBY, who was greeted with cheers, then spoke.

He began by referring to the fact that though Talbot House was in the war days filled almost entirely by men of the Army, nevertheless there were on the Communicants' Roll of the House Naval names, some of them officers and men detached from the Fleet to visit the land service, some who served in the Royal Naval Division, the 63rd, and took part in its assault on Zonnebeke and Tynecot. Moreover the men of the Salient knew very well throughout those years that it was the Navy that held its left flank.

He went on to point out that if Toc H took root and grew in the Navy, the help and encouragement which Naval members could give to the lone and struggling shore units in ports of the world could be of immense value. He begged the Council to think ahead and to take long views. He was concerned not merely with Toc H in 1936 but with what Toc H was to be in the years far ahead.

After a reference to his visit to South Africa, and the part played in his breakdown by the strain caused by lack of staff there and his own efforts to remedy this defect by interesting senior men and so securing the necessary financial support, he went on to describe how he set out for the Mediterranean for a six weeks' autumn cruise as the guest of Admiral Sir W. Fisher. The war clouds gathered, and Tubby found himself asked to remain to do what he could to help the Naval chaplains and the men. He gave the Council a number of interesting details of his strenuous winter's work, of the contacts made in the Fleet, and the weakness of the small shore units of Toc H to cope with the strain consequent upon the sudden descent of the Fleet on the ports of Egypt and Palestine. He referred appreciatively to Sargies' visit but asked the Council to realise how ineffective Toc H must necessarily be to cope with the opportunities so opened out without whole time staff and without premises to deal with the influx of men coming

ashore in huge numbers from the Fleet. To meet to some extent the immediate situation would require £10,000, partly to provide men, the right men, and partly buildings. Without such provision he felt that the work which had fallen to him during the winter would be largely wasted. The problem was how it could now be sustained.

The Accounts

WM. A. HURST (Hon. Treasurer), in moving the adoption of the Accounts for the twelve months ended October 31, 1935, said that he thought the Annual Report, set forth very concisely what the Revenue Account really did mean. There were a few items in the Revenue Account to which he would like to draw their attention. Donations had increased by a little over £2,500, from £4,932 to £7,474. With regard to Legacies, which now stood at £200 as against £50 last year, he would like to say that it was within the knowledge of the Executive and the Finance Committee that Toc H had been remembered in quite a number of Wills of the friends of Toc H, in other words, the question of legacies, to which they attached great importance, would be more effective in the years to come than it had been in the past. Toc H Builders, they would note, had increased by nearly £2,600. Contributions from Branches and Groups were up by about £800. That was much better than it had been, but it was not enough.

They had all read in the JOURNAL and in the letter from the Chairman of the Executive what an additional 1d. or 2d. a week per member would mean by the end of the year. He was hoping that the response from the membership would justify the labour Hubert and Mus had put into their travels, which had been very exhausting having regard to their other responsibilities. It was very essential that they should have a consistent and steadily growing income. They were nearly £7,000 short in their income compared with last year. Last year they drew nearly £7,000 from a film show and garden fête. This year they had drawn nil from such sources. But notwithstanding that their income was only £620 less.

Last year the Central Executive decided that they would endeavour to make Toc H support itself within the membership, and they almost succeeded. This year again they had almost succeeded, but they wanted to do something more than support themselves, because if Toc H was to expand and develop, as they all wished it to, and if they were going to do anything along the lines that Tubby had suggested, then they had got to do more in the future than they had done in the past. The deficit on the year was £1,865 against a small balance in their favour the previous year.

The Annual Report

HUBERT SECRETAN (Hon. Administrator), in moving the adoption of the Annual Report, began by welcoming Tubby back, not yet to full work but to a larger measure of co-operation than had been possible within the last two years with those who were called upon year by year to guide and lead this child of his, now grown to manhood and with a developing consciousness of the part it had to play, in God's name and with His guidance, in solving the appalling tangle of problems that lay ahead of this generation.

He went on to speak of the revolutionary changes which had taken place in the world since Toc H was founded in Poperinghe twenty-one years ago. None of these was really greater than the silent change in the life and habits and outlook of all classes of people in their own country, and no man, he thought, had studied and understood these changes better than the present King: for that reason it meant so much to Toc H to have him at its head.

He recalled some outstanding things which had occurred in Toc H since the Annual Report was written—in Canada the acceptance of the Presidency of Toc H Canada by the Governor General, Lord Tweedsmuir (better known as John Buchan) and Michael Coleman's influence in the west, which had resulted in an offer by members and friends to provide the salary and expenses of a padre, based on Winnipeg, and in the plan for a District Team which would cover a very large area, working by constant correspond-

ence; in Southern Africa the recent gift by an anonymous donor of the first South African Mark, at Johannesburg. He then referred to the impending departure of Owen Watkins for Southern Africa and paid a tribute to the enormous help Owen had given him through the first year of his task as Administrator. He had been supported by the loyalty of the whole staff, and now had the regular help of a small inner team at Headquarters, consisting of Owen, Mus, Rex and Barkis.

He and Mus, as they had travelled about the country to discuss finance with members, had found a growing appreciation amongst them that a man could not apply Toc H in one part of his life and leave it out in another. The stewardship of money was a part of life, a very vital part in an age where economic issues bulked so large, and from now onwards it would rank as part of Toc H alongside the stewardship of powers of brain and hand. It was right that they should get to understand how things that once were separated into compartments in Toc H with rather odd names like "jobs," "blokage," "grub," "padre's innings" (in a boy's life they got a similar separation, school and holidays, work and games), were all parts of one whole, and that whole a single way of life, infinitely various in the individuals who attempted it but one in quality in that the principle was that of The Way, a trail blazed by One who went ahead and still lends a hand to those who try to follow Him. Toc H was only a little way down this trail at present, but was not merely moving along but thinking where it was going. In short it had reached manhood. This implied that it was now facing, as it had not always faced, weaknesses in the nature of the unit's service, in the quality of its life and in its capacity to attract other men. It implied also that the discovery and training of leaders took on a new urgency; that in each of the Dominions and in India Toc H was striking its own roots and developing differently to suit a different environment; above all, that the time had gone by, if it ever existed, when Toc H could live its life in isolation from the anxious questionings of the world around it.

SIR ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL (Central Executive; Oxford and Thames Valley Area), in seconding the adoption of the Report, said that on his return to England, after some years with Toc H overseas, he had been struck by the foresight with which the organisation of Toc H had been built up, with an elasticity which would enable it to meet different conditions in different parts of the world. There were two sentences in the Report that struck him. "Enough has been said to indicate that the tendency of Toc H service to-day is in a growing degree to stimulate imagination and to provoke thought." And again, "The second thing required is to make the weight of Toc H felt in the community." Every unit in Toc H must make its weight felt in that particular community in which it was situated. Before they could do that they had to make a close and detailed study of the conditions existing in the immediate neighbourhood of the unit, and make that examination constantly so as to watch changes in the conditions. Having done that they had to consider whether there was any good that they could make better and whether there was any evil that they could remedy. That required, as was pointed out, imagination and thought. The reason why England had been spared many of the storms and upheavals that had happened in other parts of the world was due in a large measure to the spread of the spirit of fellowship and fairmindedness amongst the people of the Empire, and he often wondered how much of that was due to Toc H.

M. HINDE in seconding the adoption of the Accounts said that they must in the future regard the office of treasurer as one demanding the qualities of leadership. Other unit officers had the advantage of training, but the office of treasurer was too often regarded as anybody's job. Hitherto hon. treasurers had neither been trained for the job nor encouraged in putting the Toc H attitude towards financial responsibility before members; that had been left to the members to find out. He hoped those present would go back to their areas and try to provide for the training of unit treasurers on the right lines.

A. E. BRUNSWICK (East Midlands) asked whether there was any significance in the fact that the growth of Toc H overseas had been greater than that at home.

THE ADMINISTRATOR said that the significance of the growth overseas was due to the fact that they had a staff such as they had never known before. That, he thought, easily accounted for the growth there. As to the slowing down at home, he did not pretend to know exactly why, but he thought that slowing down was due to greater care in building.

W. A. CAVE said he would like the Council to know how deeply they appreciated in Australia the good men that had been sent out to them.

The adoption of the report was then put to the meeting by the CHAIRMAN and carried, *nem con.*

Finance

W. J. MUSTERS (Registrar) said that there had been a few financial crises in Toc H since the day when he himself was first entrapped into it. He remembered the designing of an appeal in 1920, in the most gaudy colours, which was broadcast very widely by Tubby. The gist of it was that Toc H needed £30,000 for a central club. When examining the results of that appeal, he discovered that the majority of them were produced not by the mere broadcast of the appeal but by Tubby's personal efforts, and if they thought about that they would see that a broadcast appeal on behalf of Toc H would not be very effective because Toc H in itself could not easily be explained in print: it was the personal method which had been successful. Again, in 1926 they launched an appeal for an Endowment Fund, but he very much doubted whether if that appeal had been successful, Toc H would have been any better off for it. After the Endowment Fund came to a standstill, Toc H still developed growing pains, which meant it required more money. The movement then seemed to be slipping into the easy way of producing large sums by holding society shows in the West End of London. He was not commenting on those particular shows, but recording that there was growing opposition by members to the

method of 'charity.' Those members were concerned with the thought that Toc H ought to apply itself, in the light of its high ideals, to its financial problems; it ought to encourage in its members the right stewardship of money and the increased habit of direct giving. As a result of these criticisms Sutherland Graeme wrote his letter to the membership at home, boldly challenging it to pay for Toc H. The challenge sounded colossal, but when they realised that, if it were possible to levy a tax on the membership of 1d. per week per member, the sum thus produced would be six or seven thousand pounds, they would find that it was not so colossal after all. One criticism of the plan was that members could not afford it, and it was true that there were many among them who could not produce 1d. a week in addition to doing something for their own unit, but there were very many who could do considerably more. He did not think that anybody had been so bold as to suggest that at this stage the membership of Toc H at home should produce entirely out of its own pocket about £35,000 a year, which was the present home expenditure in a year. Eventually the home membership might be able to do so, but if the present membership could bridge the gap between what he might call their reasonably assured income, they might get on the way. If that happened he hoped eventually that the monies they received from 'outside sources'—donors, builders, and subscribers—could be used for expansion work, mostly abroad. Their experience of the last few years had been that in sending trained members of the staff to various countries overseas, they brought Toc H in those countries to the realisation that whole-time men were necessary, and they were themselves facing up to the problem by meeting the cost out of their own pockets. They at home were the people who had developed Toc H in this country, and they were the people who ought to take steps towards its real development overseas. They could automatically do that by balancing their own budget and thereby releasing money for overseas. They could

appeal to people outside Toc H to help them with their capital expenditure, but the chances of success were not very great unless they could show those people that they as members believed in Toc H so much that they were prepared to pay for it.

P. SUTHERLAND GRAEME (Chairman) told the Council that he was due within two years to retire from the public service and from London. He felt intensely that he would like to see this financial business satisfactorily settled before that time came. He did not think that even now the membership entirely appreciated the fact that the movement had been living on funds that had been provided very largely by the energy of one man—Tubby. It was up to all of them to relieve him of that burden. He was convinced of the absolute and entire justice of what they were asking the members to do, but he must confess that he had often come away from some of the gatherings he had mentioned with a sinking heart. There he found the people bubbling over with good-fellowship and friendship, but nevertheless he had come away somewhat distressed by some of the things he had witnessed. He had seen men come into a room at the beginning of a discussion of the future finance of Toc H and calmly say that they could not afford an extra 1d. a week when he knew for a positive fact that they had come straight to the meeting from an 'early house' at the cinema. Such recreation was not at all inconsistent with their belief in Toc H, but surely they were entirely secondary to the thing which they were concerned to support. It was the stark duty of all who were members of Toc H to translate their belief in it, even to the point of sacrifice, into the giving of money.

He had spent various hours of his life appealing for money, but never with a greater sense than now that his appeal was right and proper, nor with greater confidence that it would succeed.

At the end of the meeting many Councilors adjourned to the Press Club for supper together, and some got home late after seeing a Sunday newspaper go to press.

* * * *

There will be NO July JOURNAL, but a Double Number in August.

THE OPEN HUSTINGS

Light

DEAR EDITOR,

May I have my say about the ceremony of Light: I have seen it sorely abused in my quite short time: jumbled in with prayers, said as an afterthought, declaimed meaninglessly, hurried, or spoilt through lack of oil or wick: but I believe in it more clearly now than ever or than John Palmer appears to.

To say that a tradition has grown up about Light is surely missing the point of its being: Light is itself the means by which Toc H systematically lays hold of and keeps hold of tradition, of those things, memories and duties that the past "hands on" to us (Latin *Trado*—I hand).

Light is thus an essential complement to family prayers in a Toc H meeting. The main body of the meeting is in the present, and regards not yesterday or to-morrow. Light is the communal looking backwards: remembrance and maintenance are our twin responsibilities to the past. Prayers are our communal looking forward and upward: for inspiration and dedication are both things looking to the future.

Light and prayers, strength from the past and the future, are both essential to Toc H if it is to be alive and grow. Let us take, and try not to labour, the metaphor of the tree. There are roots drawing nourishment from the soil from which the tree itself sprang and there are green leaves drawing nourishment from the rays of the sun. Light is the roots, prayers are the green leaves; either or both may be pruned on occasion, but if either be taken away the tree becomes rather dead.

It is not for anyone to prescribe what folk shall remember. Toc H has grown not only out of the lives of Elder Brethren killed in the War, but out of Christendom itself and our own history since the War, and we can profitably lay hold of all of these. We would, however, boldly affirm that Light belongs to the very beginning of a Toc H meeting and should be taken there regardless of how many members are present. (As I said to

"Greeno" or he to me when discussing this, "You can feel the difference it has made even if you do come in late.") And I would timidly suggest that if the beautiful words of "They shall grow not old—" seem to be solely applicable to the War and those killed in it, then other words should be substituted for them. I would leave the choosing of these words (if chosen they must be) to the sure ear and instinct of our "Barkis."

Yours ever,

GEORGE JAGER.

Mark XIV.

Fruitful

MY DEAR EDITOR,

The little note in the February JOURNAL, asking English units to send any spare copies out here has met with a very pleasing response. Up to date some thirteen copies have arrived, and have already been sent out into the bush.

It is impossible for me to write and thank the senders, as often the only means of identification is a smudgy postmark. Where there is an address inside, I am hoping that the unit which receives the copy will reply. May I use your columns to offer a sort of portman-teau word of thanks to all those units?

Maybe some indication of the ultimate destination of the JOURNALS may be of interest. Lake Grace, one of the most isolated units, 80 miles from its neighbour is in the wheat-belt, as also are Bowgada and Perenjori further north (these places, by the way, eat their Christmas dinner at 100 deg. in the shade!); Narrikup and Denmark in the south think in terms of potatoes and other garden produce; Kendenup is apple-conscious. By the way, if, when you buy apples, you get them out of a red wood case, you will know that they are West Australian, and they may have been packed by a Toc H member!

Wheat and wool, apples and pears, tall timber and sand-plain, and W.A. each gives you greeting, and records its thanks.

Yours ever,

Western Australia.

SANDY.

THE FAMILY CHRONICLE

From the Eastern Area

A Survey of Two Years

THE present writer, who is described in the Annual Report as having "exchanged an Eastern State of Australia for the Eastern Counties of England," has, by this act, been given a unique opportunity to observe the progress of a section of Toc H during a period of two years. He returns in February, 1936, to an Area which he left in January, 1934, after a break which has been almost complete, for very little news of the Eastern Area has appeared in the JOURNAL in the intervening years which might help to preserve in his mind a sense of continuity!

What will he find? Numerical progress? Men unknown to him in the responsible positions? An example, in miniature, of the unhesitating advance of the Toc H movement in England? Or will it all be disappointingly the same, an example of Toc H in England marking time?

The actual situation is puzzling, leaving one in doubt whether Toc H is progressing or standing still.

Firstly, there is a good deal of obvious progress. There are 16 new Groups, and 6 former Groups have become Branches. This is unspectacular but satisfactory, and the continuity of a reasonable rate of growth seems assured as there are now 7 "groves," or whatever they are to be called, who seem likely to make good. Then again, the District Teams, with the exception of a few old and incorrigible friends, appear to be invested with more authority of the kind which is earned through spontaneous respect, and not merely delegated by constitution. They have become more mature and responsible, their members foremen instead of unskilled labourers in the building of Toc H. Again, the domestic financial crisis has found the units steady, and cheerful in response. Most units also seem to have avoided the pitfall of increasing sobriety while yet increasing in thoughtfulness. Numerous jobs could be cited which call for real respect.

But counterbalancing these good tidings,

perhaps overshadowing them, are some hard and disappointing facts. A Branch and three Groups have disappeared since 1934, but that is of minor importance, since it is not remarkable that a few should fall by the wayside. A more important fact is that the leadership in the Area Executive, in the District Teams, and in the Branches and Groups is largely unchanged in personnel; old faces are in the majority at every meeting. Worse than this, changes have occasionally been made in cases of necessity which have simply resulted in leaders of yet older standing taking up the reins of office again, often unwillingly, because no one was forthcoming from the ranks of the untried. There are, of course, exceptions, one or two quite brilliant ones, but some of these are due to members moving from another part of the country and stepping instantly into the lead, and not to "new blood" in the proper sense.

Another hard fact is this: the Reports given to the Guard of the Lamp for 1935 show that precisely half the units in the Area either stood still or decreased in numerical strength between January 1st and December 31st of last year.

Do numbers count?

It would be wrong to make easy generalisations from a handful of facts gathered in the course of a few weeks, but one fact stands out so prominently that it is worth noting. The units that were numerically strong in 1933 are still numerically strong to-day, and represent the best that the Area has to show not only in numbers but in all the other ways in which Toc H is usually assessed. Without intending odious comparisons, one may instance Norwich, Luton, Bedford, Harpenden and Radlett. These are chosen as examples because they represent respectively a large city, a busy industrial town, an old County town, a small residential place, and an overgrown village on the fringe of London, thus anticipating the suggestion that certain types of places offer more "scope" for Toc H than others.

In contrast, the units which in their early days had no more magnetism than would attract ten or a dozen men, and yet were recognised as Groups, have remained steadily at ten or a dozen, and their ambition has gradually come to be nothing more than merely continuing to exist.

The moral appears to be that if a Toc H unit sets out with sufficient numerical strength to provide diversity of types, which in turn will give the peculiar fellowship and indefinable quality of "aliveness" which is our only unique contribution—then Toc H has sufficient meaning to the world of to-day to carry along of its own momentum, its members free to build the Kingdom of God instead of being withdrawn from that useful service by the incessant worry of keeping their heads above water as a unit. If, on the other hand, it starts with a very few, it will not "get better after it has received its Rushlight," as some suppose, but will remain struggling—struggling gallantly, no doubt, but struggling nevertheless, and absorbing the energies of useful men within the framework of the movement.

With a very few exceptions the good units of 1933 are the good units of 1936, and those who most nearly approach their standard are to be found among the 16 Groups who are quite new within the last two years.

"Numbers don't count in Toc H" is a popular phrase which might well be subjected to critical examination.

Round the Counties

To say a few words about 14 separate Districts would become tedious, so let us take a bird's eye view of the half dozen counties which make up the Eastern Area.

It is in Norfolk that perhaps most progress has been made. There are three Districts there now, the West Norfolk District including the long isolated Group at *King's Lynn*. New Groups have appeared at *Swaffham*, *North Walsham*, *Sheringham*, *Waveney* and *Gorleston*, and a very healthy Group is in the making at *Cromer*. *East Dereham* and *Lowestoft* have gained Branch status. The recent annual meeting of the *Norwich* Branch, always a big affair, was

up to its usual standard of excellence. General morale is very high throughout these Districts.

In Suffolk Toc H has merely jogged along. Here and there, in the East Suffolk District particularly, it has fallen gently asleep; new members in this District in 1935 only just reached double figures. West Suffolk District has been a little livelier, for there is a fine new Group at *Brandon*. *Sudbury* has regained its Lamp from the temporary seclusion of Headquarters, and *Bury-St-Edmunds* has been made a Branch. The name Suffolk does not conjure up in the imagination stirring or spectacular deeds, but we will look forward to more progress in the next two years than in the last. It happens that both these Districts are better served than most by keen and energetic District Officers, but "sleepy Suffolk" extends their powers to the utmost.

Toc H in Essex has been divided into two Districts, and there is one new Group at *Braintree*; the *Witham* Group, regrettably, has died out. Both *Walton-on-the-Naze* and *Chelmsford* have given the lie to the remarks made earlier in this report, for after some years of mere existence they have bounded forward, and have rightly been promoted to Branch status. Chelmsford is a very fine Branch now.

Cambridge has emerged from its various vicissitudes of a few years ago, and under its new plan of action has produced three Groups (and a "grope" at *Cherryhinton*) comprising town members; whilst the University membership, helped by a full-time "Pilot" in Paul Tuckwell, has grown steadily and done good work; a very strong link has been formed with Toc H in East London, and the long vacation has found members busy in camps for boys and in camp with unemployed men from distressed areas. In Cambridgeshire, unfortunately, we have made no headway, and have lost, with real regret, the Group at *Papworth*.

Of the four Hertfordshire Districts only one has made much headway. East Herts. District has retreated, losing *Waltham Cross*, and combining *Hoddesdon* and *Ware* as one

unit. St. Albans District has marked time. West Herts. District has done better, for a new Group has quite recently appeared at *Amersham*, and *Bushey* and *Oxhey* are to be congratulated on Branch status. The Hitchin District, which overflows into Bedfordshire, has made the most progress; there have been new Groups at *Biggleswade*, *Ashwell*, *Codicote* (a "County-men's" effort, known fully as the Mid-Herts County-men's Group), and *St. Neots* (Hunts.), and Groups-to-be are now working at *Royston*, *Shefford* and *Hatfield*.

Finally, a part of Buckinghamshire is included in the Eastern Area. It would not have occurred to most geographers that North Bucks had very much affinity with the Eastern Counties, but though the Thames Valley and Oxford Division comes nearly to their doorstep, and they are encompassed about a few miles to the north both by the West Midlands and East Midlands Areas, they turn their faces obstinately to the east. In the two years under review this rather isolated District has moved forward a little. A new Group is established at *Newport*

Pagnell, and *Leighton Buzzard* has come to life again and joined forces. The old Branch at *Wolverton* and their offshoot at *Stony Stratford* plug along in useful fashion.

The foregoing notes are almost wholly statistical, and some may think superficial. Admittedly, they deal with very bare facts and say nothing of interest to the student of Toc H in the Area who is more concerned with mental and spiritual growth or with the work of the movement in the community outside its own immediate framework. But it is sometimes a fault with us that we ignore hard facts and dwell lovingly only on that which is pleasing.

For the second time in its history the Area says goodbye to John Mallet as its Area Secretary. It first fell to John in 1929 to build order out of the original chaos. In 1934 he was called upon to perform this work again, and in taking over from him the present holder of the office is more than ever conscious of his own shortcomings. No one could have put his heart and soul into his job more than John Mallet, and all will wish him well wherever Toc H may send him.

From the Western Area

There are faint recollections in the Area that a letter once appeared in the JOURNAL giving news of our doings. We feel we cannot continue indefinitely in this state of obscurity, and have at last gathered our energies and our pen to review our recent history.

How far into the past should we delve? Is it too ancient history to refer to Greeno's absence of over a year in Australia? At least we should express our gratitude that he was allowed to return to us, and how interested we have been to hear at first hand how Toc H progresses on the other side of the world. We hope, when many of us go to the Festival, and the overseas visitors come to us, that we may add personal contacts to the links that his visit forged between Toc H Western Area and Toc H Australia.

Since we last wrote to the JOURNAL, Toc H in the West has grown in no mean fashion,

and it is interesting to notice how the expansion has occurred first in one part of the Area then in another. The urge to expand seems to generate in a certain District and to grow almost snow-ball fashion until it at length works itself out and a period of consolidation and quiescence follows. The technique of extension has received much thought from the Area Officers and the method of slow and careful building, around key men, fostered and supported by District Development Teams, has proved definitely successful in producing sound and promising units. Growth has been most striking around Bath and in Wiltshire where Development Teams have been particularly active, although the creation of new units has by no means been confined to these points.

During the past twelve months, Rushlights have been taken to—*Stonehouse* and *Nailsworth*. (Stroud District).

Weston-Super-Mare and *Shirehampton* (Bristol District). *Purton* and *Highworth* (Swindon District). *Gillingham, St. Boniface College* and *Westbury*. (West Wiltshire Experimental District). *Broadwell*. (Gloucester District). *Corsham* and *Malmesbury*. (Chippenham Experimental District).

This expansion has necessitated the re-organisation of some of the Districts of the Area. Bath Experimental District has passed the experimental stage and dropped its qualifying title and has been divided to create a new Experimental District, while Swindon District has been geographically reduced in size by the creation of the Chippenham Experimental District.

We must not overlook the health of the older units in the effort to develop new ones, and it is satisfactory to note throughout the Area, that units tend to increase their membership and that doubtless stimulated by the Birthday Festival the following Groups have been promoted to Branch Status:—

Devizes, Marlborough and *Stratton St. Margaret*. (Wilts.). *Cinderford, Pitchcombe* and *Stroud*. (Glos.). *Street*. (Somt.).

and we congratulate them all and wish them continued progress and success. Particular mention might be made of *Stratton St. Margaret* who received their Rushlight a year ago, and this June they go up to receive their Lamp, and of *Pitchcombe*, a village of 200 souls, surely the smallest community in the home country to possess a fully fledged Branch of Toc H.

For the most part the Area is devoid of large Towns, and the growth of Toc H in small communities brings its peculiar opportunities and problems, rather different, at any rate on the surface, from those which have existed in the cities, in which to a large extent, Toc H had its earlier impact. In the small towns which are scattered all over the Area, a Toc H unit has far more opportu-

nity of gathering a really representative membership than in a city, and far more scope for exerting a real influence. In such places a strong unit embraces a considerable percentage of the male population and has an outpost in almost every section of the community. What would a city Branch give to count amongst its members a couple of City Councillors, two or three of the chief business men, representatives of the principal trades and professions and generally a membership drawn from different Churches, and really representative of all strata of society? And what would a City Branch not do with such a membership? And yet comparatively that is not an unfair picture of the potentialities of Toc H in a small country town. The pity is that often we make so little of such opportunities. Social conditions may circumscribe the field of jobs, at any rate, ones of the usual Toc H kind, but a little more imagination would find less conventional outlets for our activities, while in direct influence and example there is a chance that no city unit has yet had. However, though there may be fuller scope for our activities than we have realised or at any rate attained, in many of the small towns of the Area, Toc H is becoming a powerful influence in the community.

In the field of jobs we should mention that Bristol Branch has successfully tackled the institution of a regular Blood Transfusion Service, that the Gloucestershire units continue to ransack their County to run a magnificent Kiddies' Camp on a grand scale, an example which Bath District have followed on a smaller scale, but no less successfully. Elsewhere throughout the Area we find units working steadily at Hospital Libraries, Boys' Clubs, a Showmen's tent, and so forth.

After our long silence we think we can report that Toc H in the Western Area is growing steadily and on the whole growing well.

R. P.

TOC H PUBLICATIONS

*All communications regarding publications should be sent to the Registrar,
47, Francis Street, S.W.1. Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.*

BOOKS

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By Tubby. 1s.
PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. By Tubby. Longmans, 3s. 6d.
LETTERS FROM FLANDERS. By Tubby. Centenary Press, 3s. 6d.
TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. By P. W. Monie. Boards 1s.
TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS. By Hubert Secretan. Boards 1s.
THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP. Edited by Tubby. Longmans. Paper, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.
THE YEARS BETWEEN. The Story of Toc H, 1919-1922. 1s.
A BIRTHDAY BOOK. Twenty-one years of Toc H. Illustrated. 176 pp. 2s.
INDIA, BURMA AND—TOC H. By "Musafir." 1s.
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TOC H IN THE ROYAL NAVY. 3d.
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THE ANNUAL REPORT OF TOC H. April, 1936. Abridged Edition. Free.

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- MASTER VALIANT. A Choral Masque for the Coming-of-Age, 1936. By Barclay Baron. Music by Martin Shaw. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.
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THE TOC H SONG BOOK. 135 songs, words and music. 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
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